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MARMION

SCOTT

TEN CENT CLASSICS

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104. Stories and Rhymes of Woodland.

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MARMION

A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WITH NOTES

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
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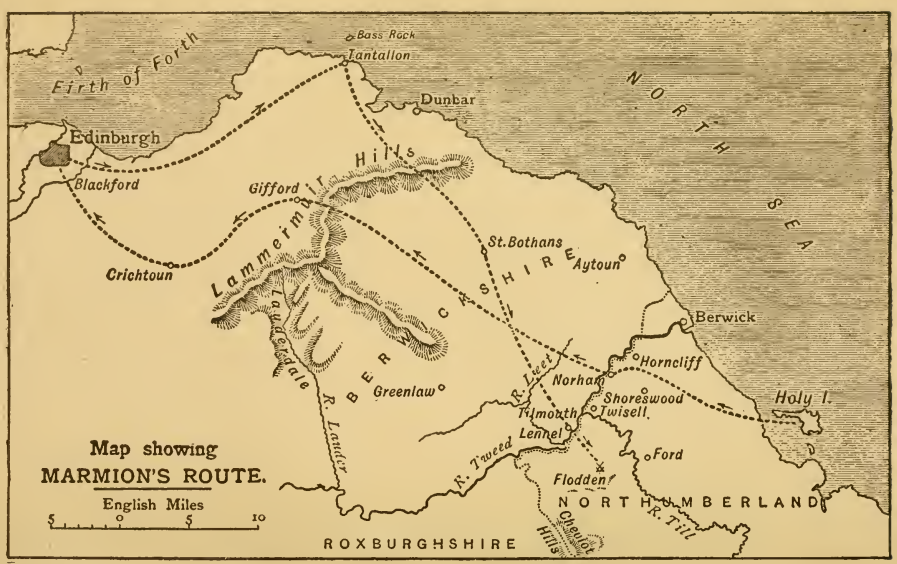
INTRODUCTION.

The scene opens on the evening of a day in August, 1513. The sun is sinking upon the towers of Norham Castle (on the south bank of the Tweed), under the command of Sir Hugh Heron. Lord Marmion, with his retinue, appears, and passes into the court-yard of the hold over the drawbridge and past the palisade. After being courteously entertained, he explains that he is on his way to the court of the Scottish king, James IV., to inquire, by the commands of his sovereign, Henry VIII., then in France, the reasons for the martial preparations in the North. He asks for a guide, and accepts the services of a Palmer who had arrived overnight, and who is on his way to the shrine of St. Regulus at St. Andrews. In the morning they leave the hold, and a salvo of artillery is fired in their honor.

The breeze that swept away the eddies of smoke round Norham served to speed on her way a bark that bore the Abbess of Whitby, with the novice Clare, to hold at Holy Isle a chapter, or meeting of the heads of three monastic houses — Whitby Abbey, Tilmouth Priory, Lindisfarne Priory — on the escaped nun Constance de Beverley and a monk convicted of an attempt by poison on the life of Clare. Constance had been induced by Marmion to leave her convent at Fontevraud, and for three years to follow in his train in the disguise of a young page. Wearying of her love, he had resolved on an alliance with Clare to secure her rich heritage. She, however, was betrothed to Ralph de Wilton of Aberley. Marmion, aided by Constance, laid a charge of treason against de Wilton, accusing him of being in league with Martin Swart, the leader of the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy in aid of the

pretender Lambert Simnel, in 1487. These forged documents were found among the papers of De Wilton, who in the lists at Cottiswold was defeated in the ordeal of battle by Marmion. The bridal of Marmion and Clare was still deferred, she having fled to the abbey of Whitby, whose abbess was her own relative, to shun the hated nuptials. Constance, in a fit of jealous despair leagued with a monk to remove her rival from her path by poison. She was detected, and Marmion, "tired to hear the desperate maid, Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid," left her at Lindisfarne, hoping that she might return to the monastic life, and that nothing of an extreme nature would be done against her. The chapter, however, condemn both Constance and the monk to death.

The varying experiences of Marmion in Scotland, culminating with his return and death at the Battle of Flodden Field, together with the final re-uniting of Clare and De Wilton, form the main features of the last four cantos.


Firth of Forth
Bass Rock
Tantallon
Dunbar
NORTH SEA
Edinburgh
Blackford
Gifford
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St. Bothans
BERWICKSHIRE
Aytoun
Crichtoun
Berwick
Lauderdale
R. Leet
Horncliff
Norham
Greenlaw
Shoreswood
Holy I.
Tilmouth
Twisell
Lennel
R. Tweed
Ford
R. Lauder
Flodden
NORTHUMBERLAND
R. Till
Cheviot Hills
ROXBURGHSHIRE
Map showing
MARMION'S ROUTE.
English Miles
5 0 5 10

MARMION.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CASTLE.

I.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

1. **Day set,** *i.e.*, the day was drawing to a close.

Norham's castled steep. Norham Castle stood on the south side of the Tweed on a steep bank overhanging the river "about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins . . . shows it to have been a place of magnificence as well as strength. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland." The castle was built by bishops of Durham on land which belonged to that bishopric. It became the property of the crown in the reign of King Henry II.

4. **battled**—embattled, *i.e.*, having battlements. Battlements are a part of the walls raised above the eaves of the roof, having openings at regular intervals. They formed a screen for the defenders when discharging arrows, stones, etc., from the openings.

donjon keep. The donjon, or keep, or donjon-keep, as it was variously called, was, as the words signify, the strongest part of the castle; "a high square tower with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the centre of the other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached. Here, in case of the outer defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall and state rooms, and also the *prison* of the fortress; from which last circumstance we derive the modern restricted use of the word *dungeon*."

5. **loophole grates,** *i.e.*, the iron gratings placed in the narrow windows or loopholes of the prison cells in the donjon.

6. **flanking walls,** the outer wall surrounding the castle. **flank**—side.

The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of giant height!
Their armor, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The Castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The Warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering song.

III.

A distant trampling sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears,
O'er Horncliff-hill a plump of spears,

9. **athwart** — across.

14. **Saint George's banner.** The flag of St. George (the dragon-slayer, the patron saint of England) bore the device of a red cross on a white ground. This was long the English national flag, and now, combined with the crosses of St. Andrew of Scotland, and St. Patrick of Ireland, appears on the Union Jack.

22. **portal arch** — gateway.

26. **Border gathering song.** The Border (*i.e.*, the boundary between England and Scotland) was the scene of constant warfare between the chiefs of the different clans or families who dwelt near it. A Border gathering song was a ballad calling the followers of some chief to arms.

29. **Horncliff hill**, midway between Norham and Berwick. Marmion had come from Lindisfarne. (See stanza xvi. and Map.)

29. **a plump of spears** — a cluster, or group of spears; *i.e.*, a troop.

Beneath a pennon gay;
A horseman, darting from the crowd,
Like lightning from a summer cloud,
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
Before the dark array.
Beneath the sable palisade,
That closed the Castle barricade,
His bugle horn he blew;
The warder hasted from the wall,
And warn'd the Captain in the hall,
For well the blast he knew;
And joyfully that knight did call
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

IV.

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
Bring pasties of the doe,
And quickly make the entrance free,
And bid my heralds ready be,
And every minstrel sound his glee,
And all our trumpets blow;

33. **mettled courser** — high-spirited steed.

34. **array**, *n.*, a company of *armed* men. Also used for their arms and dress.

35. **palisade** — a movable fence of stakes which formed the outer entrance to the drawbridge.

39. **The Captain**, *i.e.*, Sir Hugh the Heron, the knight who commanded the garrison of this royal fortress.

42. **sewer**, the retainer whose duty it was to set the dishes on the table.
seneschal — house-steward.

43. **broach . . . a pipe** — tap a cask. Sir Hugh is speaking.
Malvoisie – Malmsey wine. This wine, which took its name from a Greek town, was much in favor in the middle ages.

44. **pasties of the doe** — venison pies.

46. **heralds.** It was their duty to make proclamations; conduct the arrangements of state ceremonies, tournaments, etc. They were held in high estimation, and their persons were regarded as sacred. Hence, as they alone could travel safely through the enemy's country, they were used as messengers between opposing leaders in time of war.

And, from the platform, spare ye not
To fire a noble salvo-shot:
  Lord MARMION waits below!"
Then to the Castle's lower ward
  Sped forty yeomen tall,
The iron-studded gates unbarr'd
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
The lofty palisade unsparr'd
  And let the drawbridge fall.

V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
His helm hung at the saddlebow;
Well by his visage you might know
He was a stalwart knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
A token true of Bosworth field;
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.

49. **The platform,** on which a cannon is placed.

50. **salvo-shot** — salute.

52. **lower ward** the courtyard around the donjon.

53. **yeomen,** archers, soldiers of the castle garrison. Lit. a yeoman was a tenement farmer who in feudal times held his land on condition of fighting for his landlord. From this class the best archers were drawn.

55. **portcullis.** A sliding door of crossed beams tipped with iron spikes which was let down from above the entrance arch to close the passage into the castle.

56. **unsparr'd,** unfastened the movable spars, or stakes of the palisade, through which an entrance to the castle walls was gained.

57. **drawbridge.** The movable bridge by which the "moat," or ditch was crossed.

62. **stalworth,** or stalwart — strong.

64. Marmion's face bears the scar of a wound obtained 28 years before at the battle of Bosworth (1485).

His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
His thick mustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age;
His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,
Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage.

VI.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hover'd on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon on his shield,
Soar'd sable in an azure field:
The golden legend bore aright,
Who checks at me, to death is dight.
Blue was the charger's broider'd rein;

70. **casque** — helmet.

75. **no carpet knight,** *i. e.*, no mere dainty courtier.

79. **mail and plate of Mil n steel.** Milan in North Italy was famous, in the middle ages, for the manufacture of armor.

mail was chain armor composed of small rings closely interwoven, which adapted itself to the movements of the limbs; **plate** was sheet armor such as was worn on the breast.

82. **The plumage of the crest.** In days when a battle was a hand-to-hand conflict between men whose faces, as well as their bodies, were encased in armor, friends were distinguished from foes by the plumes, or "**crests,**" worn on their helmets, and by the devices, or "**arms,**" painted on their shields and worn on the coats of their followers.

86. **sable in an azure field,** *i. e.*, a *black* falcon on a *blue* ground. In the language of heraldry, sable — black, azure — blue, field — ground, legend — motto.

87. **The golden legend,** *i. e.*, the motto in letters of gold.

88. **Who checks at me to death is dight** — "He who interferes with me is doomed to death," *i. e.* does so at his peril. **dight** — prepared, doomed.

Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane ;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name, and knightly sires ;
They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim ;
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,
And lightly bear the ring away ;
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall, and carve at board,
And frame love-ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair.

VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
With halbert, bill, and battle-axe :
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
And led his sumpter-mules along,
And ambling palfrey, when at need

91. **housing's ample fold**, the horse-clothing worn by a charger often reached nearly to the fetlocks.

92. **trapp'd** — ornamented.

94. **of knightly sires**, *i. e.*, the squires were sons of knights. Sire — sir — father.

95. **They burned**, etc., they eagerly desired so to distinguish themselves in warfare as to gain the reward of knighthood.

98. **lightly** — easily.

98. **the ring.** The sport of tilting at the ring consisted in endeavoring to carry off on the point of a lance, while riding at full gallop, a ring suspended from a bar. The sport provided a valuable training for the page or squire in the management of his horse, and in sureness of aim with his lance.

101. **passing**, *i. e.*, *sur*-passing-*ly*, very.

104. **halbert**, a weapon, half axe, half spear.
bill, a weapon with a hooked end.

106. **sumpter-mules** — baggage mules.

107. **ambling** — quiet, *i. e.* trained to go at an easy pace.

Him listed ease his battle-steed.
The last and trustiest of the four,
On high his forky pennon bore;
Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazon'd sable, as before,
The towering falcon seem'd to soar.
Last, twenty yeoman, two and two,
In hosen black, and jerkins blue,
With falcon's broider'd on each breast,
Attended on their lord's behest.
Each, chosen for an archer good,
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood;
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send;
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,
And at their belts their quivers rung.
Their dusty palfrays, and array,
Show'd they had march'd a weary way.

IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly arm'd and order'd how,
The soldiers of the guard,

108. **Him listed ease**, etc.,—it listed him (*i.e.*, he wished) to ease his battle steed.

113. **blazon'd sable**, *i. e.*, figured in black. In the language of heraldry *to blazon* meant *to mark with armorial bearings.*

116. **hosen**, stockings which covered the whole of the leg, leggings. Old English pl. in "*en*" of hose (cf. ox*en*).

jerkins — tunics, jackets, short coats. The termination — kin marks a *dimin.* (cf. fir*kin*, a little barrel.)

122. **a cloth-yard shaft**, an arrow an ell (*i. e.*, 1¼ yards) long. The length of the arrow showed the strength and skill of the archer.

123. **boar-spear.** The hunting of the wild pigs which were to be found in English forests was one of the chief sports of the time.

With musket, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
  Stood in the castle yard;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,
  For welcome-shot prepared:
Enter'd the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
  Old Norham never heard.

X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,
  The trumpets flourish'd brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
  And thundering welcome gave.
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
  The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court
  He scatter'd angels round.
"Welcome to Norham, Marmion!
  Stout heart, and open hand!
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
  Thou flower of English land!"

130. **pike**, spear with a broad flat head.

morion — an open helmet, or hat of metal without any *visor* or face covering.

134. **linstock**, a stick holding a light or match which was put to the touch-hole of the cannon.

yare — ready.

139. **morrice** is a corruption of Moorish. Morrice-pikes were spears of a pattern used by the Moors who conquered Spain.

140. **brave**, *adv.*— bravely, finely.

146. **angels.** The *angel* was an old English gold coin worth 10*s.*, so called because it bore on one side of it a figure of the archangel Michael.

149. **brook** — endure, use, *manage*.

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hail'd Lord Marmion:
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town;
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,
All as he lighted down.
"Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold!
A blazon'd shield in battle won,
Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

151. **pursuivants**, heralds' attendants, *i. e.*, inferior heralds. At this period the superior heralds were attached to the service of royalty, and pursuivants acted for the nobles.

tabarts, or tabards. The tabard was the gorgeous sleeveless coat, open at the sides and adorned with heraldic devices, worn by the pursuivants.

154. **the donjon-gate**, *i. e.*, the door of the *keep*.

156. **Lord Marmion** — Marmion is an entirely fictitious personage, but the titles here given are those of the ancient and extinct family of Robert de Marmion, who came over with William the Conqueror.

157. **Fontenaye**, Fontenay in Normandy, whence Robert de Marmion came.

158. **Lutterword** — Lutterworth in Leicestershire.

Scrivelbaye — Scrivelsby, a village in Lincolnshire, to the manor of which is attached the office of the hereditary Royal Champion. It was the duty of the Champion to ride into Westminster Hall on the occasion of a coronation and challenge to combat any one who disputed the right of the monarch to the throne.

161. **twelve marks' weight**, *i. e.*, a gold chain which weighed as much as, and was consequently worth, 12 marks. The mark was a gold coin, worth about three dollars.

162. **lighted** alighted.

163. **largesse** — bounty. The cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights.

165. **a blazoned shield in battle won.** Some addition to the armorial bearings was often granted in honor of deeds performed in battle. Marmion's crest (the falcon had been won from De Wilton.

XII.

They marshall'd him to the Castle-hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call,
And the heralds loudly cried,
— "Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion
With the crest and helm of gold!
Full well we know the trophies won
In the lists of Cottiswold:
There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove
'Gainst Marmion's force to stand;
To him he lost his lady-love,
And to the King his land.
Ourselves beheld the listed field,
A sight both sad and fair;
We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,
And saw his saddle bare;
We saw the victor win the crest
He wears with worthy pride;
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
His foeman's scutcheon tied.
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight!
Room, room, ye gentles gay,
For him who conquer'd in the right,
Marmion of Fontenaye!"

171. **lordlings**, dimin. of lord — gentlemen.

174. **lists**, ground enclosed for a tournament.

178. **Ralph de Wilton.** The knight whom Marmion accused of treason (see Int.,) and in the resulting trial by combat at Cottiswold, defeated. By the laws of chivalry if one knight accused another of any unknightly conduct (falsehood, cowardice, treason, etc.) an appeal was made to the judgment of heaven, *i. e.*, the accused and accuser fought, and the one who was vanquished was then regarded as the false knight. His spurs and horse's tail were cut off; his shield was hung upside down on the gallows by the hangman, his sword was broken, the death-bell was tolled, and the funeral service was read.

177. **To him he lost**, etc. De Wilton's defeat and disgrace prevented his marriage with the Lady Clare, and enabled Marmion, supported by the king's authority, to claim her hand in marriage.

178. **to the king.** The estates of a degraded knight were forfeited.

XIII.

Then stepp'd to meet that noble Lord.
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.
He led Lord Marmion to the deas,
Raised o'er the pavement high,
And placed him in the upper place —
They feasted full and high:
The whiles a Northern harper rude
Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud
"*How the fierce Thirwalls, and Ridleys all,*
Stout Willimondswick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonehaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw."
Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
The harper's barbarous lay;
Yet much he praised the pains he took,
And well those pains did pay:
For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,
By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

192. **Sir Hugh the Heron**, the "captain" of Norham castle, *i. e.* the knight who commanded the garrison of this royal fortress.

"Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative this castellan's name ought to have been William, for Wm. Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford. Moreover, the said Wm. Heron was at this time a prisoner in Scotland, and his wife, who is represented in the text as residing at the court of Scotland, was in fact living in her own castle at Ford."

193. **Twisell, Ford.** Border castles. (See Map.)

194. **Captain of the Hold**, *i. e.* keeper of the *stronghold*, or fortress, of Norham.

199. **The whiles** — meanwhile.

205 **shaw**, a wood. All the places mentioned in the ballad are in Northumberland.

207. **scantly** — scarcely.

XIV.

"Now, good Lord Marmion," Heron says,
"Of your fair courtesy
I pray you bide some little space
In this poor tower with me.
Here may you keep your arms from rust,
May breathe your war-horse well;
Seldom hath pass'd a week but giust
Or feat of arms befell:
The Scots can rein a mettled steed;
And love to couch a spear;—
Saint George! a stirring life they lead,
That have such neighbors near.
Then stay with us a little space,
Our northern wars to learn;
I pray you, for your lady's grace!"
Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

XV.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,
And gave a squire the sign;
A mighty wassel-bowl he took,
And crown'd it high in wine.
"Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion:
But first I pray thee fair,
Where hast thou left that page of thine,
That used to serve thy cup of wine,
Whose beauty was so rare?

219. **giust**, or joust, or just — tournament, or tilting.

231. **wassel** (lit. "good health") was the toast used by the Anglo-Saxons before drinking together. Hence it came to be used for a special liquor composed of beer, spices and roasted apples or crabs), which accompanied Christmas festivities. It is here used as an adj. **Wassel-bowl** — the "loving cup."

234. **I pray thee fair** — I would politely inquire. *Fair* is an adv.

235. **That page.** The allusion is to Constance. (See Intro.)

When last in Raby towers we met,
The boy I closely eyed,
And often mark'd his cheeks were wet,
With tears he fain would hide:
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish shield or sharpen brand,
Or saddle battle-steed;
But meeter seem'd for lady fair,
To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,
The slender silk to lead:
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
His bosom — when he sighed,
The russet doublet's rugged fold
Could scarce repel its pride!
Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
To serve in lady's bower?
Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
A gentle paramour?"

XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest;
He roll'd his kindling eye,
With pain his rising wrath suppress'd,
Yet made a calm reply:
"That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,
He might not brook the northern air.
More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,
I left him sick in Lindisfarn:
Enough of him. — But, Heron, say,
Why does thy lovely lady gay

238. **Raby Towers.** Raby Castle in Durham.

243. **brand** — sword.

264. **Lindisfarn,** or Lindisfarne — Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland. (See Map.) It was called Holy Isle on account of its ancient monastery, the home of St. Cuthbert, a famous bishop of Durham.

Disdain to grace the hall to-day?
Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
Gone on some pious pilgrimage?"—
He spoke in covert scorn, for fame
Whisper'd light tales of Heron's dame.

XVII.

Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt,
Careless the Knight replied,
"No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,
Delights in cage to bide:
Norham is grim and grated close,
Hemm'd in by battlement and fosse,
And many a darksome tower;
And better loves my lady bright
To sit in liberty and light,
In fair Queen Margaret's bower.
We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But where shall we find leash or band,
For dame that loves to rove?
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."—

XVIII.

"Nay, if with royal James's bride
The lovely Lady Heron bide,
Behold me here a messenger,
Your tender greetings prompt to bear;
For, to the Scottish court address'd,
I journey at our King's behest,
And pray you, of your grace, provide

281. **Queen Margaret**, wife of James IV. of Scotland, sister of Henry VIII.

284. **leash or band** Leash, the strap by which greyhounds are held, generally three together. Band, the string attached to the falcon's leg and the wrist of its master in the sport of hawking.

For me, and mine, a trusty guide.
I have not ridden in Scotland since
James back'd the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Ayton tower."—

XIX.

"For such-like need, my lord, I trow,
Norham can find you guides enow;
For here be some have prick'd as far,
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale;
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hoods."—

297. **James backed the cause**, etc.— King James IV. supported the claims of Perkin Warbeck.

300. **Surrey's power.** When James went to war with England on behalf of Warbeck, the Earl of Surrey led an English army into Scotland, but retreated after taking Aytoun castle.

300. **power** — force, army.

301. **Ayton Tower** — Aytoun Castle in Berwickshire. (See Map.)

304. **prick'd** — spurred, *i.e.* ridden.

305. **Dunbar**, on the Firth of Forth in Haddingtonshire.

"The garrisons of the English border castles were, as may easily be supposed, very troublesome neighbors to Scotland." They were constantly making raids across the border, carrying off plunder and burning houses.

306. **Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale.** They had taken by force the ale of the monks of St. Bothan's monastery in N.E. Berwickshire. (See Map.)

307. **beeves of Lauderdale.** They had driven off as spoil the oxen of Lauderdale in the west of Berwickshire.

308. **harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods** — carried off the property of the women of Greenlaw.

309. **a light to set their hoods**, "a phrase by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning of houses." They had in their nightly raids across the Border burned houses in Greenlaw, and so provided light for the women to dress by.

XX.

"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried,
"Were I in warlike wise to ride,
A better guard I would not lack,
Than your stout forayers at my back;
But, as in form of peace I go,
A friendly messenger, to know,
Why through all Scotland, near and far,
Their King is mustering troops for war,
The sight of plundering Border spears
Might justify suspicious fears,
And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,
Break out in some unseemly broil:
A herald were my fitting guide;
Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;
Or pardoner, or travelling priest,
Or strolling pilgrim, at the least."

XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,
And pass'd his hand across his face.
— "Fain would I find the guide you want,
But ill may spare a pursuivant,
The only men that safe can ride
Mine errands on the Scottish side:
And though a bishop built this fort,
Few holy brethren here resort;
E'en our good chaplain, as I ween,
Since our last siege, we have not seen:

313. forayers — plunderers.

324. pardoner, a person who professed to sell *pardons* for sins.

332. a bishop built this fort. Hugh Pudsey, bishop of Durham, who built the donjon in 1164.

335. since our last siege. They had been short of provisions, and the chaplain, not relishing the short commons, had betaken himself to Durham Cathedral.

The mass he might not sing or say,
Upon one stinted meal a day;
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
And pray'd for our success the while.
Our Norham vicar, woe betide,
Is all too well in case to ride;
The priest of Shoreswood — he could rein
The wildest war-horse in your train;
But then, no spearman in the hall
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.
Friar John of Tillmouth were the man:
A blithesome brother at the can,
A welcome guest in hall and bower,
He knows each castle, town, and tower,
In which the wine and ale is good,
'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.
But that good man, as ill befalls,
Hath seldom left our castle walls,
Since, on the vigil of St. Bede,
In evil hour he cross'd the Tweed,
To teach Dame Allison her creed.
Old Bughtrig found him with his wife;
And John, an enemy to strife,
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
The jealous churl hath deeply swore,
That if again he venture o'er,

340. **woe betide** — as ill luck would have it.

341. **Is all too well in case,** *i.e* , is too corpulent.

342. **Shoreswood.** 346. **Tillmouth.** (See Map.)

347. **at the can,** *i.e.*, ale-can.

351. **Holy Rood,** the royal palace at Edinburgh.

354. **vigil,** the eve of (*i.e.*, day before) a saint's day.
St. Bede, the Venerable Bede of Durham. St. Bede's day was May 27.

359. **sans** — without.

He shall shrieve penitent no more.
Little he loves such risks, I know;
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,
Carved to his uncle and that lord,
And reverently took up the word.
"Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
If harm should hap to brother John.
He is a man of mirthful speech,
Can many a game and gambol teach:
Full well at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away.
None can a lustier carol bawl,
The needfullest among us all,
When time hangs heavy in the hall,
And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,
And we can neither hunt, nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side.
The vow'd revenge of Bughtrig rude
May end in worse than loss of hood.
Let Friar John, in safety, still
In chimney-corner snore his fill,
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill:
Last night, to Norham there came one,
Will better guide Lord Marmion."—
"Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,
Well hast thou spoke; say forth thy say."—

366. carved to his uncle, *i. e. for* his uncle, Sir Hugh.

368. woe, *adj.*— woeful. Woe were we — we should be sad indeed.

379. foray, a raid, or expedition in search of plunder.

384. roast hissing crabs, for the wassel. (See note on line 231.)

XXIII.

" Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome :
One, that hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine,
In Araby and Palestine ;
On hills of Armenie hath been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen :
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the prophet's rod ;
In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The Mount, where Israel heard the law,
'Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin,
And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.
He shows Saint James's cockle-shell,
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell ;
And of that Grot where olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God.

389. **Palmer.** A Palmer " made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines, travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity, whereas the pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupation when he had paid his devotion at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage." After making a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem he was entitled to carry a palm-branch; hence the name *palmer*.

390. **Salem** — Jerusalem.

400. **thunder-dint** — thunder clap. **Dint** — a blow.

levin — lightning.

402. **St. James's cockle-shell** The badge of the cockle-shell, which pilgrims who had visited the shrine of St. James (Santiago in Spain wore in their hats. St. James is the patron saint of Spain.

404. **Grot.** This Palmer had visited that hermitage amid olive-trees where the beautiful and beloved Saint Rosalie retusing all offers of marriage from the noble youths of Sicily, spent her life in solitary prayer.

XXIV.

"To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
For his sins' pardon hath he pray'd.
He knows the passes of the North,
And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth;
Little he eats, and long will wake,
And drinks but of the stream or lake.
This were a guide o'er moor and dale;
But, when our John hath quaff'd his ale,
As little as the wind that blows,
And warms itself against his nose,
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes."

XXV.

"Gramercy!" quoth Lord Marmion,
"Full loth were I, that Friar John,
That venerable man, for me,
Were placed in fear or jeopardy.
If this same Palmer will me lead
From hence to Holy-Rood,
Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,
Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,
With angels fair and good.
I love such holy ramblers; still
They know to charm a weary hill,
With song, romance, or lay:

408. **stout St. George of Norwich.** The Palmer had also visited and prayed at the shrine of the valiant St. George (the patron saint of England), at Norwich.

409. **Saint Thomas.** Thomas à Becket.

414. **wake** — watch.

421. **Gramercy,** an exclamation. (Lit. great thanks.)

427. **his good saint,** *i. e.* St. James.

429. **angels.** (See note on line 146.)

430. **still,** instantly, always.

Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
Some lying legend, at the least,
They bring to cheer the way."—

XXVI.

"Ah! noble sir," young Selby said,
And finger on his lip he laid,
"This man knows much, perchance e'en more
Than he could learn by holy lore.
Still to himself he's muttering,
And shrinks as at some unseen thing.
Last night we listen'd at his cell;
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
He murmur'd on till morn, howe'er
No living mortal could be near.
Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
As other voices spoke again.
I cannot tell — I like it not —
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,
No conscience clear, and void of wrong,
Can rest awake, and pray so long.
Himself still sleeps before his beads
Have mark'd ten aves, and two creeds."—

XXVII.

— "Let pass," quoth Marmion; "by my fay,
This man shall guide me on my way,
Although the great arch-fiend and he
Hath sworn themselves of company.
So please you, gentle youth, to call
This Palmer to the Castle-hall."
The summon'd Palmer came in place;

452. **Himself**, etc. He himself (*i. e.* Friar John) always falls asleep before he has counted on his beads ten repetitions of the Ave Maria, etc.

454. **fay** — faith.

460. **came in place** — came into the place, *i. e.* came into the hall.

His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His sandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
The faded palm-branch in his hand
Show'd Pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
Or looked more high and keen;
For no saluting did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sate,
As he his peer had been.
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil:
His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
And when he struggled at a smile,
His eye look'd haggard wild:
Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair,

463. **Peter's keys** In mediæval pictures St. Peter was always represented holding keys — *i. e.* those of Heaven. This badge worked in red cloth on the Palmer's shoulders showed that he had been on a pilgrimage to St. Peter's shrine at Rome.

465. **scallop-shell** — cockle-shell. (See note on line 402.)

467. **Loretto**, a town in Italy, whither many pilgrims went to visit the Holy House, supposed to have been brought by the angels from Nazareth, and to be that in which the Virgin Mary lived.

468. **scrip** — provision bag. (There is another quite different word, scrip, from Lat. *scriptum*, meaning something *written*.)

She had not known her child.
Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know —
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair;
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair.
Happy whom none of these befall,
But this poor Palmer knew them all.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask;
The Palmer took on him the task,
So he would march with morning tide,
To Scottish court to be his guide.
"But I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way,
To fair St. Andrews bound,
Within the ocean-cave to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound;
Thence to Saint Fillan's blessèd well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,

490. **out-go** — out-pace.

500. **so** — provided that, on condition that.
morning tide — at daybreak.

504. **St. Andrews.** A town on the coast of Fifeshire.

506. **Saint Rule** — St. Regulus, who, according to the tradition, was a Greek monk who landed at St. Andrews in A.D. 370, where he founded a chapel and tower and converted the inhabitants of the district to Christianity. A hermit's cave on the shore is supposed to have been inhabited by him. He was supposed to have brought with him relics of the Apostle St. Andrew, who thus became the patron saint of Scotland.

509. **St. Fillan's blessed well.** St. Fillan was a Scottish saint of Fifeshire. Springs consecrated by him were supposed to possess the power of curing madness.

And the crazed brain restore:
Saint Mary grant that cave or spring
Could back to peace my bosom bring,
Or bid it throb no more!"

XXX.

And now the midnight draught of sleep,
Where wine and spices richly steep,
In massive bowl of silver deep,
The page presents on knee.
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The Captain pledged his noble guest,
The cup went through among the rest,
Who drain'd it merrily;
Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,
Though Selby press'd him courteously.
This was a sign the feast was o'er;
It hush'd the merry wassel roar,
The minstrels ceased to sound.
Soon in the castle naught was heard,
But the slow footstep of the guard,
Pacing his sober round.

XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose:
And first the chapel doors unclose;
Then, after morning rites were done,
(A hasty mass from Friar John,)
And knight and squire had broke their fast,
On rich substantial repast,
Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse:

515. **midnight draught of sleep.** A bowl of spiced wine passed round at the end of a banquet as a "sleeping-draught." It was the signal for retiring to rest.

519. **drank a fair good rest,** *i.e.*, Marmion drank the customary "toast"—he wished his host might enjoy a good night's rest.

526. **wassel roar**—festive sounds. (See note on line 231.)

Then came the stirrup-cup in course:
Between the Baron and his host,
No point of courtesy was lost;
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
Solemn excuse the Captain made,
Till, filing from the gate, had pass'd
That noble train, their Lord the last.
Then loudly rung the trumpet call;
Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,
And shook the Scottish shore;
Around the castle eddied slow,
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
And hid its turrets hoar;
Till they rolled forth upon the air,
And met the river breezes there,
Which gave again the prospect fair.

538. **stirrup-cup**, *i.e.*, a final cup of wine handed to a departing guest when he was already in the saddle.

542. **solemn excuse.** Sir Hugh gravely and politely apologized to his guest for any shortcomings in his entertainment.

CANTO SECOND.

THE CONVENT.

I.

The breeze, which swept away the smoke,
  Round Norham Castle roll'd,
When all the loud artillery spoke,
With lightning-flash, and thunder-stroke,
  As Marmion left the Hold.
It curl'd not Tweed alone, that breeze,
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
  It freshly blew, and strong,
Where, from high Whitby's cloister'd pile,
Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle,
  It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stoop'd her side
And bounded o'er the swelling tide
  As she were dancing home:
The merry seamen laugh'd to see
Their gallant ship so lustily

9. **Whitby's cloistered pile.** "The Abbey of Whitby, in the Archdeanery of Cleveland, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A. D. 657 in consequence of a vow of Oswy, King of Northumberland. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes (A. D. 867, and rebuilded by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. The ruins of Whitby Abbey are very magnificent." (Scott.)

10. **Cuthbert's Holy Isle.** "Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the See of Durham. During the early ages of British Christianity, a succession of holy men held that office; but their merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth Bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his 'patrimony' upon the extensive property of the see. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the Venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle; for, although surrounded by the sea at full-tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant." (Scott.)

Furrow the green sea-foam.
Much joy'd they in their honor'd freight;
For, on the deck, in chair of state,
The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

II.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,
Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view,
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail
With many a benedicite;
One at the rippling surge grew pale
And would for terror pray;
Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog, nigh,
His round black head and sparkling eye
Rear'd over the foaming spray.
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disordered by the summer gale,
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy;
Perchance because such action graced
Her fair-turn'd arm and slender waist.
Light was each simple bosom there,
Save two, who ill might pleasure share, —
The Abbess and the Novice Clare.

30. **benedicite**, Lat. "Bless ye," the first word of a Latin hymn.

33. **sea-dog**—seal.

39 **dedicated**, to God, by one who had forsaken the world for the cloister.

44. **Novice**, a newcomer, upon probation, into a religious house; one who had not yet fully taken the prescribed vows. Lat. *novicius* from *novus*, new.

III.

The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair too she was, and kind had been
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Nor knew the influence of her eye.
Love, to her ear, was but a name,
Combined with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall:
The deadliest sin her mind could reach
Was of monastic rule the breach;
And her ambition's highest aim
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower
To raise the convent's eastern tower;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She deck'd the chapel of the saint,
And gave the relic-shrine of cost,
With ivory and gems emboss'd.
The poor her Convent's bounty blest,
The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
Reform'd on Benedictine school;
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;
Vigils and penitence austere

65. **relic-shrine**, the casket with the relics of the patron saint.

70. **Benedictine school.** The order of St. Benedict was founded at Monte Casino by the saint in 530, the gown being a loose *black* robe with wide sleeves.

72. **Vigils**, devotions performed during hours customarily devoted to sleep.

Had early quench'd the light of youth,
But gentle was the dame, in sooth;
Though vain of her religious sway,
She loved to see her maids obey,
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
Sad was this voyage to the dame;
Summon'd to Lindisfarne, she came,
There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
A chapter of Saint Benedict,
For inquisition stern and strict,
On two apostates from the faith,
And, if need were, to doom to death.

V.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
Save this, that she was young and fair;
As yet a novice unprofess'd
Lovely and gentle, but distress'd.
She was betroth'd to one now dead,
Or worse, who had dishonor'd fled.
Her kinsman bade her give her hand
To one who loved her for her land:
Herself, almost heart-broken now,
Was bent to take the vestal vow,

82. **Tynemouth's Prioress.** "Its ruins are situated on a high, rocky point; and doubtless many a vow was made to the shrine by the distressed mariners who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather."

83. **chapter**, a meeting of heads.

84. **inquisition**, investigation.

89. **unprofess'd.** Clare, the novice, had not yet fully taken the veil, or the vows of the religious order; while her rival, Constance de Beverley, was a "Sister profess'd of Fontevraud."

96. **vestal vow**, of chastity and celibacy, taken by the six vestal virgins at Rome, who kept the sacred fire on the altar of the goddess Vesta perpetually burning.

And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
Her blasted hopes and wither'd bloom.

VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow
And seem'd to mark the waves below;
Nay, seem'd, so fix'd her look and eye,
To count them as they glided by.
She saw them not — 'twas seeming all —
Far other scene her thoughts recall,—
A sun-scorch'd desert, waste and bare,
Nor waves nor breezes murmur'd there;
There saw she, where some careless hand
O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sand
To hide it till the jackals come,
To tear it from the scanty tomb ——
See what a woful look was given,
As she raised up her eyes to heaven!

VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and distress'd —
These charms might tame the fiercest breast
Harpers have sung, and poets told,
That he, in fury uncontroll'd
The shaggy monarch of the wood,
Before a virgin, fair and good,
Hath pacified his savage mood.
But passions in the human frame,
Oft put the lion's rage to shame:
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
With sordid avarice in league,
Had practised with their bowl and knife,

114–7. As in the story of the Virgin *Una*, who tamed the lion; Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, Book I., iv. 5.

122. jealousy, the jealous Constance de Beverley, in league with the monk to poison Clare, as told in xxix.

124. bowl, of poison.

Against the mourner's harmless life.
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
Prison'd in Cuthbert's islet grey.

VIII.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They mark'd, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
They pass'd the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son;
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell
To the good Saint who owned the cell;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
And next, they cross'd themselves, to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore;

132 **Monk-Wearmouth**, on the left bank of the Wear, at its mouth. It was the birthplace of the Venerable Bede.

133. **priory**, a religious house of which a prior is head or superior; in dignity, beneath an abbey.

135. **Seaton-Delaval**, between Newcastle and Morpeth.

136, etc. **Blythe, Wansbeck, Coquet, Alne**, are all rivers in Northumberland.

140. **beads they tell** — say their prayers, by counting the beads of their rosary. **tell** — count. In this obsolete sense the word is used in the "tellers" of a motion in the House of Commons, the "tellers" of a bank.

143. **Warkworth** Castle, on the right bank of the Coquet, the property of the Duke of Northumberland, the head of the house of Percy.

147. **Dunstanborough**, north of the Alne. The castle, now in ruins, was built by the Earl of Lancaster, who rose in rebellion against Edward II., and was executed in 1322, after his defeat at Borough Bridge.

Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown;
Then from the coast they bore away
And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

IX.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
And girdled in the Saint's domain:
For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day the waves efface
Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace.
As to the port the galley flew
Higher and higher rose to view
The Castle with its battled walls,
The ancient Monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.

X.

In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,

148. **Bamborough**, built by Ida, the first king of Northumbria.

154. **flood-mark**, see on 10.

156. **style**, designation, the name by which it was styled; "St. Cuthbert's Abbot is his *style*."

157. **continent**, mainland.

164. **battled**, with battlements, embattled walls.

168. **Saxon strength**, see on 10. The architecture of the pile was Saxon, opposed alike to the Norman with the rounded arch, and to the Gothic style described (in the Abbey of Melrose) by Scott in the *Lay*, ii. 1–18:

Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk
The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilded in a later style,
Show'd where the spoiler's hand had been:
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And moulder'd in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower:
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind,

173. **aisle**, the side division of a cathedral or chnrch, separated by the pillars from the *nave*, or body of the church.

shafted stalk, pillar surrounded by smaller pillars.

174. **arcades**, series of arches.

alley'd walk, a walk with alleys or pathways.

185. Scott is here in error. The building destroyed by the Danes was the cathedral of Saint Aidan and not the Priory, and even in the days of Henry VIII., the date of the story, the remains of the Cathedral must have been very small. For the burning by the Danes of Peterborough see Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*.

194. **his**, St. Cuthbert's.

Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar,
According chorus rose:
Down to the haven of the Isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim;
Banner, and cross, and relics there
To meet Saint Hilda's maids they bare;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn.
The islanders, in joyous mood,
Rush'd emulously through the flood,
To hale the bark to land;
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,
And bless'd them with her hand.

XII.

Suppose we now the welcome said,
Suppose the Convent banquet made:
All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye,
The stranger sisters roam:
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
For there even summer night is chill.

201. **According**, harmonious

206. **bare**, (archaic) bore – for metrical reasons.

211. **hale**, (haul to drag.

215. **Suppose we**, let us suppose.

217. **dome**, simply hall, building, house, with no special meaning of the arched roof.

220. **unhallow'd eye.** Cf. 38–39.

Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill,
They closed around the fire;
And all, in turn, essay'd to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid; for, be it known,
That their saint's honor is their own.

XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their house three Barons bold
Must menial service do;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry "Fye upon your name!
In wrath, for loss of silvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."—
"This, on Ascension day, each year,
While laboring on our harbor-pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."—
They told, how in their convent cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled;
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,

233. Three knights, Bruce, Percy and Allaston, while hunting in the vicinity of Whitby, pursued a boar into the chapel of a hermit at Eskadaleside, and in their irritation beat the recluse so severely that he died of the blows, interceding before he expired for their life at the hands of the Abbott of Whitby, on the condition that every year on Ascension Day the Thursday but one before Whitsunday) they should do service for their land, to be so held on tenure of the abbot, by driving stakes into the shore at low water. To this "servitude," as it is called in law they were summoned by horn with the words in the text.

244. **Edelfled** "She was the daughter of King Oswy, who in gratitude to Heaven for the great victory which he won in 655, against Penda, the pagan king of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a year old, to the service of God, in the monastery of Whitby, of which St. Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence." (Scott.)

245 **snakes** "The supposed relics of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, fossils, *Ammonitae*."

When holy Hilda pray'd;
Themselves, within their holy bound,
Their stony folds had often found.
They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail
As over Whitby's towers they sail,
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint.

XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting-place, of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told;
How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
They rested them in fair Melrose;
But though alive he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose;

262. "**Saint Cuthbert** died A. D. 688, in a hermitage upon the Faroe Islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Isle, about two years before. His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 793, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland, with the relics of St. Cuthbert, and came as far west as Whithorn, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. They at length made a halt at Norham, from thence they went to Melrose, where the body remained for a short time It was afterwards launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed at Tilmouth, in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick; so that, with very little assistance it might certainly have floated. It still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined chapel of Tilmouth. From Tilmouth the body was taken into Yorkshire; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-Street, to which the bishop's see was transferred. At length the Danes, continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Rippon for a season; and it was in return from thence to Chester-le-Street, that passing a forest called Dunholme, the Saint and his carriage became immovable at a place named Wardlaw, or Wardilaw. There the Saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit, that if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at length fixing it.

263. **Melrose**, on the south bank of the Tweed, in Roxburghshire.

265. **might**, were permitted.

For, wondrous tale to tell!
In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair;
Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
Hail'd him with joy and fear;
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear:
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid;
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace.

XV.

Who may his miracles declare!
Even Scotland's dauntless king and heir

269. **gossamer**, film, cobweb substance in the sunbeams.

270. **Tilmouth**, at the mouth of the Till and Tweed.

273. **Chester-le-Street**, between Durham and Gateshead. The old Roman road called Rynkfield Street ran from Tynemouth by Chester-le Street to Binchester, where it joined Watling Street, the great road running from Richborough in Kent to Holyhead.

Rippon, or Ripon, on the Ure, in Yorkshire, the seat of a bishopric.

274. **Wardilaw**, a hill between Durham and Sunderland.

282. **may**, are permitted: "may" in 286 reverts to the old usage of simple power, and is hardly differentiated from "can."

287. "Every one has heard, that when David I., with his son Henry, invaded Northumberland in 1136, the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert, to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton or Cuton Moor. The conquerors were at least as much indebted to the jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed David's army; among whom were the Galwegians, the Britons of Strathelyde, the men of Teviotdale and Lothian, with many Norman and German warriors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud." (Scott.)

(Although with them they led
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail,
And the bold men of Teviotdale)
Before his standard fled.
'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane
And turn'd the Conqueror back again,
When with his Norman bowyer band,
He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn
If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name:
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
And said they might his shape behold,
And hear his anvil sound;

290. **Lodon** — Lothian, the district embracing the counties of Linlithgow, Edinburgh, Haddington.

291. **Teviotdale**, a tributary of the Teviot, in Roxburgh.

293. **vindicate**, claim from the Danes.

294. "The Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over heathen enemies; a consolation, which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the victory at Ashendown, rewarded by a royal offering at the shrine of the Saint. As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians, in 1069, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the North; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the Saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness that he fled and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Tees." (Scott.)

296. **bowyer**, archer.

298. **fain**, gladly.

300. "St. Cuthbert has acquired the reputation among the peasants of forging these *Entrochi* which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's Beads. While at this task he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock and use another as his anvil." (Scott.)

A deaden'd clang,— a huge dim form,
Seen but and heard when gathering storm
And night were closing round.
But this, as tale of idle fame,
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

XVII.

While round the fire such legends go,
Far different was the scene of woe,
Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.
It was more dark and lone that vault
Than the worst dungeon cell:
Old Colwulf built it, for his fault,
In penitence to dwell,
When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
The Saxon battle-axe and crown.
This den, which, chilling every sense
Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was call'd the Vault of Penitence,
Excluding air and light,
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
A place of burial for such dead,
As, having died in mortal sin,
Might not be laid the church within.
'Twas now a place of punishment;
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent

316. **Old Colwulf** "Cealwulph or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning, for the Venerable Bede dedicates to him his *Ecclesiastical History*. He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island. These penitential vaults were the *Geisselgewolbe* of German convents. In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline they were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay-benefactors of the convent, whose unsanctified corpses were then seldom permitted to pollute the choir." Scott.)

324. **prelate**, one set before, or over, the lower clergy; *e. g.* as Archbishop, Bishop, or Patriarch (in the Greek Church.)

Sexhelm, bishop of Durham in 947, the see then being at Chester-le-Street. See 273.

As reach'd the upper air,
The hearers bless'd themselves, and said,
The spirits of the sinful dead
Bemoan'd their torments there.

XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,
Did of this penitential aisle
Some vague tradition go,
Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay; and still more few
Were those who had from him the clew
To that dread vault to go.
Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there.
In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;
The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew-drops fell one by one,
With tinkling plash, upon the stone.
A cresset, in an iron chain,
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seem'd to strive,
As if it scarce might keep alive;
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful conclave met below.

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three:

344. **sprung**. Scott uses freely, according to the necessities of his verse, the double forms 'sprung. . sprang."

346. **wore** — worn. So *chose*, 450.

350. **cresset**, the lamp, shaped like a cruse or pitcher.

All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay;
In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shown
By the pale cresset's ray:
The Abbess of St. Hilda's, there,
Sat for a space with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,
She closely drew her veil:
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud mien and flowing dress,
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,
And she with awe looks pale:
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
Has long been quench'd by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace, is shown,
Whose look is hard and stern,—
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style;
For sanctity call'd, through the isle,
The Saint of Lindisfarne.

XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.

376. **Nor . . nor** — neither. . nor **ruth**, pity. Rue: ruth; true: truth.

378. **style**, see on 156.

384. **dress** is the subject, and **sex** the object. In the train of Lord Marmion, I. 235–256, iii. 117, she had passed as a page, Constant.

Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But, at the Prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread,
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
Whom the church number'd with the dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled.

XXI.

When thus her face was given to view,
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistering fair,)
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,

388. **doublet**, close-fitting garment covering the body from neck to waist. For the combination "doublet breast" see on "cloister wall," 56; and for the livery of Lord Marmion, see i. 80–90.

398. **profess'd**, see on 44, "novice."

Fontevraud, in the department of Maine, France. The Abbey contains the tombs of Henry II., Eleanor, his wife, Richard I., and Isabella, the wife of John.

407. She stood so pale that, except for the fact that her breathing did not fail, and that some sli ht motion of her eye warranted that she did not lack sense or pulse, you might have thought she was wrought in wax.

410. **Warranted**, showed.

You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;
One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own more brute desires.
Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
To do the savagest of deeds;
For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,
One fear with them, of all most base,
The fear of death, — alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there were seen in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep and tall; —

416. **meed**, reward.

418. **Seared**, burnt, calloused.
foul is a careless rhyme to "control" still more so to "soul."

422. **Tempter**, Satan, as constantly in *Paradise Regained*.

424. **vision'd terrors**, revealed in visions — "fancied spectres."

Who enters at such grisly door,
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water, and of bread:
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Show'd the grim entrance of the porch;
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
Hewn stones and cement were display'd,
And building tools in order laid.

XXIV.

These executioners were chose,
As men who were with mankind foes,
And with despite and envy fired,
Into the cloister had retired;
Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
Strove, by deep penance, to efface
Of some foul crime the stain;
For, as the vassals of her will,
Such men the Church selected still,
As either joy'd in doing ill,
Or thought more grace to gain,
If, in her cause, they wrestled down
Feelings their nature strove to own.
By strange device were they brought there,
They knew not how, nor knew not where.

443. **haggard**, wild, gaunt, hollow-eyed.

450. **chose**, for the form, see on "wore," 346.

452. **despite**, envy, hate. "Lord Marmion said despiteously," v. 585. The word is obsolete: Chaucer's Poor Parson of the Prologue was "to sinful men nought *despitous*," *i. e.* he was tender to sinners.

457. **vassals**, servants; strictly feudal servants dependent on an overlord.

XXV.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,
To speak the Chapter's doom,
On those, the wall was to enclose,
Alive, within the tomb;
But stopp'd, because that woful Maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd.
Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain;
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip;
'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
You seem'd to hear a distant rill—
'Twas ocean's swells and falls:
For though this vault of sin and fear
Was to the sounding surge so near,
A tempest there you scare could hear,
So massive were the walls.

XXVI.

At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And color dawn'd upon her cheek,
A hectic and a flutter'd streak,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
By Autumn's stormy sky;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gather'd strength,
And arm'd herself to bear.

487. **Cheviot peak.** For the collocation of words see "cloister wall," 56. The simile is in Scott's simplest, yet most bold and effective style, cf. "Love swells like the Solway, and ebbs like its tide," v. 332; and iii. 304–307.

It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy
In form so soft and fair.

XXVII.

"I speak not to implore your grace,
Well know I, for one minute's space
Successless might I sue:
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if a death of lingering pain,
To cleanse my sins be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too.—
I listen'd to a traitor's tale,
I left the convent and the veil:
For three long years I bow'd my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;
And well my folly's meed he gave,
Who forfeited, to be his slave,
All here, and all beyond the grave.—
He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith foreswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.—
'Tis an old tale, and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betray'd for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me!

497. **Successless,** without success, bootless. Apparently a coinage by Scott.

502. **traitor's tale.** Marmion's.

503. **left the convent,** of Frontevaud, 398; iii. 270–275.

505. **horse-boy,** as the page, Constant.

train, band of attendants, retinue.

507. **Who,** the "I" is implied in the preceding "my." Clare was heiress of the Earl of Gloster, and her heritage went "along the banks of Tame," etc., v. 632–637.

XXVIII.

"The King approved his favorite's aim;
In vain a rival barr'd his claim,
Whose fate with Clare's was plight,
For he attaints that rival's fame
With treason's charge — and on they came,
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are pray'd,
Their lances in the rest are laid,
They meet in mortal shock;
And hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
Shout 'Marmion, Marmion! to the sky,
De Wilton to the block!'
Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide
When in the lists two champions ride,
Say, was Heaven's justice here?
When, loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death,
Beneath a traitor's spear?
How false the charge, how true he fell,

521. **attaints**, impeaches. For the story see Introduction.

522. **treason's charge**, the charge of treason.

523. **in mortal lists.** Compare the opening scenes in Shakespeare's *Richard II.* for the ordeal of battle between Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., and the Duke of Norfolk.

526. **rest** — a projection from the right breast of a coat of mail, on which the lance rested when the knight charged his adversary.

in rest, "a thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears *in rest*." (Macaulay, *Ivry*.

530. **block** — a mass of wood on which criminals who were to be beheaded laid their head. As De Wilton was accused of high treason by Marmion, his defeat exposed him not only to degradation, but also to execution as a traitor to his King.

Constance, like Job, is perplexed at the seeming inconstancy of the good suffering and the wicked escaping. The abbess (v. 605–610) tries to explain it on the ground that some necessary formula has been omitted, or that the faith of Wilton wavered.

537. **true to his king**, loyal.

This guilty packet best can tell."—
Then drew a packet from her breast,
Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the rest.

XXIX.

"Still was false Marmion's bridal staid;
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.
'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry cried,
'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun.'
One way remain'd — the King's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd
For Clara and for me:
This caitiff Monk, for gold, did swear,
And, by his drugs, my rival fair
A saint in heaven should be.
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice has undone us both.

XXX.

"And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Had fortune my last hope betray'd,
This packet, to the King convey'd,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke.—
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

551. caitiff, cowardly.

XXXI.

Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends!
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic King
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;
Some traveller then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones,
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be."

XXXII.

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air;
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair;
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seem'd to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listen'd for the avenging storm;

572. **fiery Dane.** See 176.

575. **crosier,** the bishop's staff surmounted by a cross.

577. Constance prophesies the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry the Eighth.

586. **wont,** were wont. The imperfect of the obsolete verb, *wone*.

587. **stared,** stood on end.

The judges felt the victim's dread,
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven :—
"Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;
Sinful brother, part in peace ! "
From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three ;
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day ;
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan :
With speed their upward way they take,
(Such speed as age and fear can make,)
And cross'd themselves for terror's sake
As hurrying, tottering on :
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,
They seem'd to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,

595. **the victim's dread,** the dread inspired by the victim, he appreciated the dread felt by the victim.

597. **doom,** judgment. "It is well known that the religious, who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman Vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to inclose their bodies was made in the massive walls of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, VADE IN PACE were the signal for immuring the criminal." (Scott.)

617. **vesper,** the evening bell.

Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,
His beads the wakeful hermit told,
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

628. **Cheviot Fell.** Fell, meaning hill.

630. **Listed,** listened.

CANTO THIRD.

THE HOSTEL, OR INN.

I.

The livelong day Lord Marmion rode:
The mountain path the Palmer show'd,
By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
They might not choose the lowland road,
For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.
Oft on the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down;
On wing of jet, from his repose
In the deep heath the black-cock rose;
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
Nor waited for the bending bow;
And when the stony path began,
By which the naked peak they wan,
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
The noon had long been passed before
They gain'd the height of Lammermoor;
Thence winding down the northern way,
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

6 Merse, or March, is one of the three divisions of Berwickshire. It is so called because it lies on the Marches (borders), being separated from England by the Tweed.

12. black-cock — grouse.

13. gorse — heather, furze underbrush.

16. Wan, is the O. E. past tense of win.

22. Gifford, is a village four miles from Haddington. The towers mentioned belonged to the old castle of the ancestors of the Marquis of Tweeddale, which was close to the village.

II.

No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone,
His cautious dame, in bower alone,
Dreaded her castle to unclose,
So late, to unknown friends or foes.
On through the hamlet as they paced,
Before a porch, whose front was graced
With bush and flagon trimly placed,
Lord Marmion drew his rein:
The village inn seem'd large, though rude;
Its cheerful fire and hearty food
Might well relieve his train.
Down from their seats the horseman sprung,
With jingling spurs the court-yard rung;
They bind their horses to the stall,
For forage, food, and firing call,
And various clamor fills the hall:
Weighing the labor with the cost,
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III.

Soon by the chimney's merry blaze,
Through the rude hostel might you gaze;
Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,
The rafters of the sooty roof
Bore wealth of winter cheer;
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,
And gammons of the tusky boar,

31. **bush**, branch of a tree hung as a sign in front of taverns. The bush seems originally to have been of ivy, as that tree was sacred to Bacchus.

47. **cheer** — good eatables, because good eatables make men cheerful.

48. **solands** — soland geese or gannets.

49. **gammons** — smoked hams.

And savory haunch of deer.
The chimney arch projected wide:
Above, around it, and beside,
Were tools for housewives' hand;
Nor wanted, in that martial day,
The implements of Scottish fray,
The buckler, lance, and brand.
Beneath its shade, the place of state,
On oaken settle Marmion sate,
And view'd around the blazing hearth.
His followers mix in noisy mirth;
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
From ancient vessels ranged aside,
Full actively their host supplied.

IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter theirs at little jest;
And oft Lord Marmion deigned to aid,
And mingle in the mirth they made;
For though, with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he,
Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart.
They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May,
With open hand, and brow as free,
Lover of wine and minstrelsy;
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower:—
Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fire to Zembla's frost.

77. bower, chamber.

78. buxom — lively, jolly.

79. Nova Zembla (New Land), is the name given to a chain of islands in the Arctic Ocean to the North of Russia, and sometimes specially to the most southern island of the chain.

V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
Right opposite the Palmer stood;
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.
Still fixed on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
Strove by a frown to quell;
But not for that, though more than once
Full met their stern encountering glance,
The Palmer's visage fell.
By fits less frequent from the crowd
Was heard the burst of laughter loud;
For still, as squire and archer stared
On that dark face and matted beard,
Their glee and game declined.
All gazed at length in silence drear,
Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
Thus whisper'd forth his mind: —
"Saint Mary! saw'st thou e'er such sight?
How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
Whene'er the fire-brand's fickle light
Glances beneath his cowl!
Full on our Lord he sets his eye;
For his best palfrey would not I
Endure that sullen scowl."

VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe
Which thus had quell'd their hearts, who saw
The ever varying fire-light show
That figure stern and face of woe,
Now call'd upon a squire:

106. **as to**, *etc.*, as if to chase away.

"Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
To speed the lingering night away?
We slumber by the fire."

VIII.

"So please you," thus the youth rejoin'd,
"Our choicest minstrel's left behind.
Ill may we hope to please your ear,
Accustom'd Constant's strains to hear.
The harp full deftly can he strike,
And wake the lover's lute alike;
To dear Saint Valentine no thrush
Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush,
No nightingale her love-lorn tune
More sweetly warbles to the moon.
Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,
Detains from us his melody,
Lavish'd on rocks, and billows stern,
Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.
Now must I venture, as I may,
To sing his favorite roundelay."

IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,
The air he chose was wild and sad;
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,

117. Constance seems to have borne, while she was disguised as a page in Marmion's train, the masculine form of her real name. Instead of being called Constance, she went by the name of Constant.

119. alike, in like manner, equally well.

120. On Saint Valentine's day, Feb. 14th, was popularly supposed that birds began to pair.

123. to the moon, it is commonly, but erroneously, believed, that the nightingale never sings in the daytime.

129. roundelay, song in which a strain is often repeated.

134. mountaineers, the Highlanders, who come down to the Lowlands in autumn to earn wages as harvest laborers, are represented as lamenting their native hills in the strain with which they accompany their work.

On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song:
Oft have I listen'd, and stood still,
As it came soften'd up the hill,
And deem'd it the lament of men
Who languish'd for their native glen;
And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehanna's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again!

X.

SONG.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted forever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,

156. **Eleu loro.** The song is supposed to be from the Italian *Ela* (alas) *loro*, (for them).

158 **laving**, is here used as if it were an intransitive verb. The object "their banks" is not expressed.

Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never!

XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win the maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never!

XII.

It ceased, the melancholy sound;
And silence sunk on all around.
The air was sad; but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,

And plain'd as if disgrace and ill
And shameful death were near.
He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested with his head a space
Reclining on his hand.
His thoughts I scan not; but I wean,
That, could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wished to be their prey
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII.

High minds of native pride and force
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear for their scourge mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,
Even while they writhe beneath the smart
Of civil conflict in the heart.
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And, smiling to Fitz-Eustace, said—
"Is it not strange that, as ye sung,
Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?
Say, what may this portend?"

188. **plain'd**, complained.

199. **Lutterward and Fontenaye** were two of Lord Marmion's estates (I XI. 7).

204. **fatal strength**, disastrous, because it prevents them from trying to escape remorse in the future by repentance.

214. **portend**, "Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry is what is called the "dead bell," explained by my friend James Hogg to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease."—*Scott.*

Then first the Palmer silence broke,
(The livelong day he had not spoke),
"The death of a dear friend."

XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;
Marmion, whose soul could scarcely brook
Even from his King a haughty look,
Whose accent of command controll'd
In camps the boldest of the bold;
Thought, look, and utterance fail'd him now—
Fall'n was his glance, and flush'd his brow
For either in the tone,
Or something in the Palmer's look,
So full upon his conscience strook,
That answer he found none.
Thus oft it haps that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

XV.

Well might he falter! By his aid
Was Constance Beverley betray'd.
Not that he augur'd of the doom
Which on the living closed the tomb:
But tired to hear the desperate maid
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;
And wroth because in wild despair
She practised on the life of Clare;
Its fugitive the Church he gave,

228. **Strook,** an old past tense of *strike*.

243. **practised on**, plotted against.

Though not a victim but a slave;
And deem'd restraint in convent strange
Would hide her wrongs and her revenge.
Himself, proud Henry's favorite peer,
Held Romish thunders idle fear;
Secure his pardon he might hold
For some slight mulct of penance-gold.
Thus judging, he gave secret way,
When the stern priests surprised their prey.
His train but deem'd the favorite page
Was left behind, to spare his age;
Or other if they deem'd, none dared
To mutter what he thought and heard:
Woe to the vassal who durst pry
Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

XVI.

His conscience slept—he deem'd her well
And safe secured in distant cell;
But waken'd by her favorite lay,
And that strange Palmer's boding say
That fell so ominous and drear,
Full on the object of his fear,
To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose;
And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,
All lovely on his soul return'd;

245. Though not (as) a victim, but (as) a slave.

247. Would hide her wrongs, and (hinder) her revenge.

250. **secure**, feeling quite certain.

251. **mulct**, fine.

256. **other**, is here used as a singular pronoun, meaning "any other thing:" cf. "If you think other," *Othello*.

262. **wakened**, his conscience being wakened.

263. **boding say**, foreboding remark.

265. **object**, Constance's fate.

269. **Constance all lovely**, the thought of Constance in all her beauty.

Lovely as when at treacherous call
She left her convent's peaceful wall,
Crimson'd with shame, with terror mute,
Dreading alike escape, pursuit,
Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

XVII.

"Alas!" he thought, "how changed that mein!
How changed these timid looks have been,
Since years of guilt and of disguise
Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes!
No more of virgin terror speaks
The blood that mantles in her cheeks:
Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,
Frenzy for joy, for grief despair;
And I the cause — for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!
Would," thought he, as the picture grows
"I on its stalk had left the rose!
Oh, why should man's success remove
The very charms that wake his love!
Her convent's peaceful solitude
Is now a prison harsh and rude;
And, pent within the narrow cell,
How will her spirit chafe and swell!
How brook the stern monastic laws!
The penance how — and I the cause! —
Vigil and scourge, perchance even worse!"
And twice he rose to cry, "To horse!"
And twice his Sovereign's mandate came,
Like damp upon a kindling flame;
And twice he thought, "Gave I not charge

281. "To mantle" is used transitively and, as here, intransitively of color rising to the surface and covering anything as with a mantle.

283. for, in place of.

She should be safe, though not at large?
They durst not, for their island, shred
One golden ringlet from her head."

XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove
Repentance and reviving love,
Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway
I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,
Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,
And, talkative, took up the word:
"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you who stray
From Scotland's simple land away
To visit realms afar,
Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal, or future woe,
By word, or sign, or star;
Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
If, knight-like, he despises fear,
Not far from hence; — if fathers old
Aright our hamlet legend told." —
These broken words the menials move,
(For marvels still the vulgar love),
And Marmion giving license cold,
His tale the Host thus gladly told: —

XIX.

THE HOST'S TALE.

"A Clerk could tell what years have flown
Since Alexander fill'd our throne,
(Third monarch of that war-like name),

302. **for their island**, even if they were tempted to do so by the offer of the island of Lindisfarne, even to obtain the island, or to avoid losing it: cf. xii. 16.

307. **Loch Vennachar**, on the Leith River.

324. **Clerk** — scholar.

325. **Alexander**, Alexander III. of Scotland (1241 — 1286).

And eke the time when here he came
To see Sir Hugo, then our Lord:
A braver never drew a sword;
A wiser never, at the hour
Of midnight spoke the word of power:
The same, whom ancient records call
The founder of the Goblin-Hall.
I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay
Gave you that cavern to survey.
Of lofty roof and ample size,
Beneath the castle deep it lies:
To hew the living rock profound,
The floor to pave, the arch to round,
There never toil'd a mortal arm;
It all was wrought by word and charm;
And I have heard my grandsire say,
That the wild clamor and affray
Of those dread artisans of hell,
Who labor'd under Hugo's spell,
Sounded as loud as ocean's war
Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX.

"The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,
Deep laboring with uncertain thought;
Even then he muster'd all his host,
To meet upon the western coast:
For Norse and Danish galleys plied
Their oars within the frith of Clyde.

327. **eke**, also.

328. **Sir Hugo**, Lord Gifford, owner of Yester Castle.

331. **word of power**, magic spell.

333. **Goblin-Hall**, a dungeon vault under Yester Castle.

335. **gave you**, allowed you.

338. **living rock**, rock in its original condition and place; unquarried.

There floated Haco's banner trim,
Above Nerweyan warriors grim,
Savage of heart and large of limb;
Threatening both continent and isle,
Bute, Arran, Cunninghame and Kyle.
Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
Heard Alexander's bugle sound,
And tarried not his garb to change,
But in his wizard habit strange
Came forth — a quaint and fearful sight;
His mantle lined with fox-skins white;
His high and wrinkled forehead bore
A pointed cap, such as of yore
Clerks say that Pharaoh's magi wore;
His shoes were mark'd with cross and spell;
Upon his breast a pentacle;
His zone, of virgin parchment thin,
Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,
Bore many a planetary sign,
Combust, and retrograde, and trine;

354. "In 1263 Haco, King of Norway, came into the Firth of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 2nd October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms."

358. **Bute, Arran,** islands in the Firth of Clyde.
Cunninghame and Kyle, places on the mainland.

367. **magi,** magicians. See *Exodus*, vii. 12–22.

369. "A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. This the magician extends towards the spirits which he evokes, when they are stubborn and rebellious, and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rites of magic."— Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*.

370. **zone,** girdle.
virgin, new.

373. Planets are combust (from Lat. *combura*, to consume with fire) when they are so near the sun that they cannot be seen, retrograde when they move from east to west contrary to the order of the signs of the zodiac. Trine is the aspect of planets 120 degrees or a third part of the zodiac distant from each other.

And in his hand he held prepared,
A naked sword without a guard.

XXI.

" Dire dealings with the fiendish race
Had mark'd strange lines upon his face;
Vigil and fast had worn him grim,
His eyesight dazzled seem'd and dim,
As one unused to upper day;
Even his own menials with dismay
Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly sire
In his unwonted wild attire;
Unwonted, for traditions run,
He seldom thus beheld the sun.
'I know,' he said (his voice was hoarse,
And broken seem'd its hollow force),
'I know the cause, although untold,
Why the King seeks his vassal's hold:
Vainly from me my liege would know
His kingdom's future weal or woe;
But yet, if strong his arm and heart,
His courage may do more than art.

XXII.

" 'Of middle air the demons proud,
Who ride upon the racking cloud,
Can read, in fix'd or wandering star,
The issues of events afar;
But still their sullen aid withhold,
Save when by mightier force controll'd.
Such late I summon'd to my hall;
And though so potent was the call
That scarce the deepest nook of hell
I deem'd a refuge from the spell,

375. **guard**, that part of the hilt of the sword which protects the hand.
395. **racking**, broken, flying clouds.

Yet, obstinate in silence still,
The haughty demon mocks my skill.
But thou — who little know'st thy might,
As born upon that blessed night,
When yawning graves and dying grown
Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrown —
With untaught valor shall compel
Response denied to magic spell.'
'Grammercy,' quoth our Monarch free,
'Place him but front to front with me,
And by this good and honor'd brand,
The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,
Soothly I swear that, tide what tide,
The demon shall a buffet bide.'
His bearing bold the wizard view'd,
And, thus well pleased, his speech renew'd:
'There spoke the blood of Malcolm!—mark:
Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark,
The rampart seek, whose circling crown
Crests the ascent of yonder down:
A southern entrance shalt thou find;
There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
And trust thine elfin foe to see
In guise of thy worst enemy:
Couch then thy lance and spur thy steed —

408. Scott informs us, in his note on this passage, that it is a popular article of faith that those who are born on Christmas Day, or Good Friday, have the power of seeing spirits and even of commanding them. Alexander III. is here represented as having been born on Good Friday, the day of the crucifixion; cf. Matthew xxvii. 50.

414. **brand**, sword.

415. **Cœur-de-Lion** Heart of Lion), Richard I., King of England. 1189–1199.

416. **tide what tide**, whatever happens.

417. **buffet bide**, receive a blow.

420. **Malcolm**, ancestor of Alexander.

423. **crests**, surmounts.
down, a low hill.

Upon him! and Saint George to speed!
If he go down, thou soon shalt know
Whate'er these airy sprites can show;—
If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
I am no warrant for thy life.'

XXIII.

"Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
Alone, and arm'd, forth rode the King
To that old camp's deserted round:
Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,
Left-hand the town — The Pictish race
The trench, long since, in blood did trace:
The moor around is brown and bare,
The space within is green and fair.
The spot our village children know,
For there the earliest wild-flowers grow;
But woe betide the wandering wight,
That treads its circle in the night!
The breadth across, a bowshot clear,
Gives ample space for full career:
Opposed to the four points of heaven,
By four deep gaps are entrance given.
The southernmost our Monarch past,
Halted, and blew a gallant blast;
And on the North, within the ring,
Appear'd the form of England's King,

429. **to speed**, be with you; aid you.

438. **Left-hand**, on the left-hand side of.

Pictish, the Picts were the early inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland.

444. **wight**, person.

447. **career**, charge on horseback; term used in tournaments when knights rode against one another in the lists.

453 Edward I. went to Palestine in 1270 to take part in the Crusades before he succeeded to the throne. On his return to England in 1274, he was crowned king at Westminster in the presence of Alexander III. The battle of Largs was fought in 1263, so that Edward had not gone to the Holy Land until seven years after the battle.

Who then, a thousand leagues afar,
In Palestine waged holy war;
Yet arms like England's did he wield,
Alike the leopards in the shield,
Alike his Syrian courser's frame,
The rider's length of limb the same:
Long afterwards did Scotland know
Fell Edward was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.

"The vision made our monarch start,
But soon he mann'd his noble heart,
And in the first career they ran,
The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man;
Yet did a splinter of his lance
Through Alexander's visor glance,
And razed the skin — a puny wound.
The King, light leaping to the ground,
With naked blade his phantom foe
Compell'd the future war to show.
Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,
Where still gigantic bones remain,
Memorial of the Danish war;
Himself he saw, amid the field,
On high his brandish'd war-axe wield,
And strike proud Haco from his car,

457. The royal banner of Edward I., which, according to the usual custom (cf. 4. xxviii, 17`, had the same blazonry as the shield, is described by the Chronicler of Caerlaverock as bearing "three leopards courant (running) of fine gold set on red." Edward I. was surnamed Longshanks, on account of the length of his legs. As he is supposed to have come from the Holy Land, he is naturally represented as riding on a Syrian charger.

465 **Elfin**, ghostly.

467. **visor**, the part of the helmet that protects the face.

473. **gigantic bones**. This is another instance of the popular belief in the degeneracy of mankind.

474. **Danish war**. The term "Dane" is sometimes confined to the inhabitants of Denmark, but commonly, when used in the early history of England, includes all Northmen, whether they came from Sweden, Norway or Denmark.

477. **car**, war chariot.

While all around the shadowy Kings
Denmark's grim ravens cower'd their wings.
'Tis said, that, in that awful night,
Remoter visions met his sight,
Foreshowing future conquests far.
When our sons' sons wage northern war;
A royal city, tower, and spire,
Redden'd the midnight sky with fire,
And shouting crews her navy bore
Triumphant to the victor shore.
Such signs may learned clerks explain —
They pass the wit of simple swain.

XXV.

"The joyful King turn'd home again,
Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane;
But yearly, when return'd the night
Of his strange combat with the sprite,
His wound must bleed and smart;
Lord Gifford then would gibing say,
'Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay
The penance of your start.'
Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
King Alexander fills his grave,
Our Lady give him rest!
Yet still the knightly spear and shield
The Elfin Warrior doth wield,
Upon the brown hill's breast;

479. **Denmark's grim ravens.** Haco is represented by Scott as arraying his army under the celebrated raven standards usually borne by the Northmen in their aggressive expeditions.

481–487. The poet is evidently referring to the bombardment of Copenhagen by Lord Cathcart and the Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Welesley) in September, 1807, when Scott was still engaged in writing *Marmion*.

497. **start**, momentary alarm.

498. **nave**, chapel. The Abbey of Dunfermline is about 15 miles from Edinburgh.

500. **Our Lady**, Mary, the mother of Christ.

And many a knight hath proved his chance
In the charm'd ring to break a lance,
But all have foully sped;
Save two, as legends tell, and they
Were Wallace wight and Gilbert Hay.
Gentles, my tale is said."

XXVI.

The quaighs were deep, the liquor strong,
And on the tale the yeoman-throng
Had made a comment sage and long,
But Marmion gave a sign,
And, with their lord, the squires retire;
The rest, around the hostel fire,
Their drowsy limbs recline:
For pillow, underneath each head,
The quiver and the targe were laid.
Deep slumbering, on the hostel floor,
Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore:
The dying flame, in fitful change,
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay
Of a waste loft Fitz-Eustace lay;
Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
The foldings of his mantle green:
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket or by stream,

504. **proved his chance**, tried his fortune.

508. **Wallace.** William Wallace (1270-1305), a Scottish hero, famed in Scottish ballad, who for many years defended Scotland against England, but was at last taken prisoner and executed.

Gilbert Hay, an ancestor of the Earl of Errol, was created High Constable of Scotland in the beginning of the 14th century by Robert Bruce.

510. **quaighs** are wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.

512. **had made**, would have made.

518. **targe**, shield.

Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
A cautious tread his slumber broke,
And, close beside him, when he woke,
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
Stood a tall form, with nodding plume;
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
His master Marmion's voice he knew.—

XXVIII.

"Fitz-Eustace! rise,— I cannot rest;—
Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,
And graver thoughts have chafed my mood:
The air must cool my feverish blood:
And fain would I ride forth, to see
The scene of Elfin chivalry.
Arise, and saddle me my steed;
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves;
I would not, that the prating knaves
Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
That I could credit such a tale."—
Then softly down the steps they slid:
Eustace the stable-door undid,
And, darkling, Marmion's steed array'd,
While, whispering, thus the Baron said:—

XXIX.

"Didst never, good my youth, hear tell,
That on the hour when I was born,
Saint George, who graced my sire's chapelle,
Down from his steed of marble fell,

529. **ring or glove**, tilting at the ring or giving challenges by a glove thrown on the ground.

551. **darkling** (adverb), in the dark.

555. **chappelle**, chapel.

A weary wight forlorn?
The flattering chaplains all agree,
The champion left his steed to me.
I would, the omen's truth to show,
That I could meet this Elfin Foe!
Blithe would I battle, for the right
To ask one question at the sprite;—
Vain thought! for elves, if elves there be,
An empty race, by fount or sea,
To dashing waters dance and sing,
Or round the green oak wheel their ring."
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,
And mark'd him pace the village road
And listen'd to his horse's tramp,
Till, by the lessening sound,
He judged that of the Pictish camp
Lord Marmion sought the round.
Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's eyes,
That one so wary held, and wise,—
Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received
For gospel what the church believed,—
Should, stirr'd by idle tale,
Ride forth in silence of the night,
As hoping half to meet a sprite,
Array'd in plate and mail.
For little did Fitz-Eustace know,
That passions, in contending flow,
Unfix the strongest mind;

557. **wight** (a human being) is derived from A. S. *wiht* (a creature or thing. "Whit" and "nought" (no whit) are derived from the same word used in a neuter sense. "Wight," the adjective, meaning "active and warlike," used in xxv. 19, comes from *vígr* warlike, a Scandinavian word.

Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
We welcome fond credulity,
Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,
But, patient, waited till he heard,
At distance, prick'd to utmost speed,
The foot-tramp of a flying steed,
Come town-ward rushing on;
First, dead, as if on turf it trode,
Then, clattering on the village road,—
In other pace than forth he yode,
Return'd Lord Marmion.
Down hastily he sprung from selle,
And, in his haste, wellnigh he fell;
To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
And spoke no word as he withdrew;
But yet the moonlight did betray,
The falcon-crest was soiled with clay;
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
By stains upon the charger's knee,
And his left side, that on the moor
He had not kept his footing sure.
Long musing on these wonderous signs,
At length to rest the squire reclines,
Broken and short; for still, between,
Would dreams of terror intervene:
Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark
The first notes of the morning lark.

587 Wearied with fleeing from doubt to doubt.
592. **pricked**, spurred.
595. **dead**, with a dull sound.
597. **yode** is the old past tense of go.
599. **selle**, seat or saddle.
613. **Eustace**, etc., he spent a very uncomfortable night, and was very glad when morning came.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE CAMP.

I.

Eustace, I said, did blithely mark
The first notes of the merry lark.
The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
And with their light and lively call,
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.
Whistling they came, and free of heart,
But soon their mood was changed;
Complaint was heard on every part
Of something disarranged.
Some clamor'd loud for armor lost;
Some brawl'd and wrangled with the host;
"By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear,
That some false Scot has stolen my spear!"—
Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,
Found his steed wet with sweat and mire;
Although the rated horse-boy sware,
Last night he dress'd him sleek and fair.
While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,—
"Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!
Bevis lies dying in his stall:
To Marmion who the plight dare tell,
Of the good steed he loves so well?"
Gasping for fear and ruth, they saw
The charger panting on his straw;

13. **Becket**, Saint Thomas á Becket of Canterbury (See note 1).
17. **rated**, scolded.

Till one who would seem wisest, cried,—
"What else but evil could betide,
With that cursed Palmer for our guide?
Better we had through mire and bush
Been lantern-led by Friar Rush."

II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess'd,
Nor wholly understood,
His comrades' clamorous plaints surpress'd;
He knew Lord Marmion's mood.
Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,
And did his tale display
Simply, as if he knew of nought
To cause such disarray.
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
Nor marvell'd at the wonders told,—
Pass'd them as accidents of course,
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost
Had reckon'd with their Scottish host;
And, as the charge he cast and paid,
"Ill thou deservest thy hire," he said;
"Dost see, thou knave, my horses plight?
Fairies have ridden him all the night,
And left him in a foam!
I trust that soon a conjuring band,

31. **Friar Rush**, will o' the wisp, sometimes called Jack o' Lantern, a phosphorescent gas often seen hovering over stagnant water.

44. **clarions**, small trumpets, bugles.

47. **cast**, reckoned up.

52. **conjuring band.** Blount hopes that an English army, with the red cross of England on their flags and armor, will devastate the country with fire and sword, and clear the whole region of everything Scotch, including Scotch devils.

With English cross, and blazing brand,
Shall drive the devils from this land,
To their infernal home:
For in this haunted den, I trow,
All night they trampled to and fro."—
The laughing host look'd on the hire,
"Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
And if thou comest among the rest,
With Scottish broadsword to be blest,
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo."
Here stayed their talk,—for Marmion
Gave now the signal to set on.
The Palmer showing forth the way,
They journey'd all the morning day.

IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and good,
Through Humbie's and through Saltoun's wood;
A forest glade, which, varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hill,
There narrower closed, till over head
A vaulted screen the branches made.
"A pleasant path," Fitz Eustace said;
"Such as where errant-knights might see
Adventures of high chivalry;
Might meet some damsel flying fast,
With hair unbound, and looks aghast;
And smooth and level course were here,
In her defence to break a spear.
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells;
And oft, in such, the story tells,
The damsel kind, from danger freed,

58. Money paid by the travelers for their accommodations.
69. **Humbie and Saltoun**, villages near Edinburgh.
75. **Errant knights**, knights wandering in search of adventure.

Did grateful pay her champion's meed."
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind;
Perchance to show his lore design'd;
For Eustace much had pored
Upon a huge romantic tome,
In the hall-window of his home
Imprinted at the antique dome
Of Caxton or De Worde.
Therefore he spoke,— but spoke in vain,
For Marmion answer'd nought again.

V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,
In notes prolong'd by wood and hill,
Were heard to echo far:
Each ready archer grasp'd his bow,
But by the flourish soon they know,
They breathed no point of war.
Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,
Some opener ground to gain;
And scarce a furlong had they rode,
When thinner trees, receding, showed
A little woodland plain.
Just in that advantageous glade,
The halting troop a line had made,
As forth from the opposing shade
Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang
So late the forest echoes rang;

91. William Caxton introduced printing into England between 1471 and 1474. One of his successors in the art in England was Wynkin de Worde.

99. **A point of war**, a signal for attack given by trumpet blast.

110. **trumpets**, trumpeters.

On prancing steeds they forward press'd,
With scarlet mantle, azure vest;
Each at his trump a banner wore,
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore:
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
Attendant on a King-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,
That feudal strife had often quell'd,
When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age,
In aspect manly, grave and sage,
As on King's errand come;
But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen, and sly
Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric rage,
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome.
On milk-white palfrey forth he paced;

116. **pursuivants**, servants of heralds. There were four attending on Sir David Lindesay, and they were named after four places in Scotland. **Tabards**, sleeveless cloaks decorated with the royal arms, are worn by heralds and pursuivants.

119. **Gules**, the heraldic term for red. **Argent, Or, and Azure**, the heraldic terms for silver, gold, and blue.

120. In Scotland there was only one King-at-arms at the head of all the heralds, who was called the Lord Lion, because a lion rampant had been adopted by William, King of Scotland, as the royal arms, and was therefore represented on the coat of the King-at-arms.

121. **truncheon**, staff of office.

130. **satiric rage.** Sir David Lindesay, in a satire of the Three Estates, called attention to the abuses of the church, and helped to pave the way for the Scotch Reformation.

His cap of maintenance was graced
With the proud heron-plume.
From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,
Silk housings swept the ground,
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
Embroider'd round and round.
The double tressure might you see,
First by Achaius borne,
The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,
And gallant unicorn.
So bright the King's armorial coat,
That scarce the dazzled eye could note
In living colors, blazon'd brave,
The Lion, which his title gave;
A train, which well beseem'd his state,
But all unarm'd, around him wait.
Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms!

135. **cap of maintenance**, a cap of dignity, borne before the sovereigns of England at their coronation.

138. **housings**, trappings of a horse, especially the cloth attached to the hinder part of the saddle.

139. We have here a description of the arms of Scotland. The double tressure is a double line on the shield following the shape of the shield at a fixed distance from the border, and generally ornamented with flowers. On the Scotch arms it was ornamented with fleur-de-lis. The fleur-de-lis was the emblem of France, and Achaius, a mythical King of Scotland, is said to have adopted the tressure with the fleur-de-lis to commemorate his alliance with that nation in the days of Charlemagne. The thistle was one of the early emblems of Scotland.

144. The heraldic unicorn is a fabulous animal, having the head, neck, and body of a horse, the legs of a buck, the tail of a lion, and a long horn growing out of the middle of its forehead. Two unicorns supported the arms of Scotland.

153. "I am uncertain if I abuse poetical license by introducing Sir David Lindesay in the character of Lion-Herald, sixteen years before he obtained that office. It was often an office imposed on the Lion King-at-arms to receive foreign ambassadors, and Lindesay himself did this honor to Sir Ralph Sadler in 1539–40." (Scott.)

The Mount, Lindesay's ancestal estate.

VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,
Soon as he saw the Lion-King;
For well the stately Baron knew
To him such courtesy was due,
Whom royal James himself had crown'd,
And on his temples placed the round
Of Scotland's ancient diadem:
And wet his brow with hallow'd wine,
And on his finger given to shine
The emblematic gem.
Their mutual greetings duly made,
The Lion thus his message said:—
"Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore
Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,
And strictly hath forbid resort
From England to his royal court;
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,
And honors much his warlike fame,
My liege hath deem'd it shame, and lack
Of courtesy, to turn him back;
And, by his order, I, your guide,
Must lodging fit and fair provide,
Till finds King James meet time to see
The flower of English chivalry.

159. "The office of herald, in feudal times, being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the Kings-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionately solemn. In fact, it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the unction was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland, a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Lindesay, inaugurated in 1592, 'was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish kings assumed a close crown;' and, on occasion of the same solemnity, dined at the king's table, wearing the crown. It is probable that the coronation of his predecessor was not less solemn" (Scott.)

164. **emblematic gem** — a ruby.

168. **knit faith** — make treaty.

IX.

Though inly chafed at this delay,
Lord Marmion bears it as he may.
The Palmer, his mysterious guide,
Beholding thus his place supplied,
Sought to take leave in vain:
Strict was the Lion-King's command,
That none, who rode in Marmion's band,
Should sever from the train:
"England has here enow of spies
In Lady Heron's witching eyes:"
To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
But fair pretext to Marmion made.
The right-hand path they now decline,
And trace against the stream of Tyne.

X.

At length up that wild dale they wind,
Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank;
For there the Lion's care assign'd
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
That castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne:
And far beneath, where slow they creep,

188. Lady Heron was suspected of being a spy in the interests of England.

191. **decline**, refuse.

192. **trace**, follows inland.

Tyne, a river in Scotland, not the English river.

194. **Crichtoun Castle**, a large, ruinous castle, on the banks of the Tyne. "The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor Sir William Chrichtoun, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Chrichtoun's counsels the death of his predecessor, Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1440. The castle has a dungeon vault, called the 'Massy More.' The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles of Scotland, is of Saracenic origin. . . The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived." (Scott.)

From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist, and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its toes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichtoun! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of mouldering folds thy mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honor, or pretence,
Quarter'd in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence.
Nor wholly yet had time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair;
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.
Still rises unimpair'd below,
The court-yard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row
Of fair hewn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form,

214. **mystic**, because known only to those who have been initiated in the mysteries of heraldry.

215 **Scutcheons of honor**, shields adorned with armorial hearings which have been given as the reward of some gallant deed. **Scutcheons of pretence**, small shields, placed in the centre of the ordinary scutcheon, containing the arms of a wife who is also an heiress.

220. Nor had time yet destroyed the stone work carved into the form of cordage, the knots of which were interwoven with rosettes.

Though there but houseless cattle go,
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilom were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Massy More;
Or from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace, in undulating line,
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,
As through its portal Marmion rode;
But yet 'twas melancholy state
Received him at the outer gate;
For none were in the Castle then,
But women, boys, or aged men.
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame
To welcome noble Marmion came;
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold;
For each man that could draw a sword
Had march'd that morning with their lord,
Earl Adam Hepburn,— he who died
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side:
Long may his Lady look in vain!
She ne'er shall see his gallant train
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.
'Twas a brave race, before the name
Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,
With every right that honor claims,

248. **Hepburn,** second Earl of Pothwell, grandfather of the notorious Bothwell, mentioned in line 254, who married Mary, Queen of Scotts, after the murder of Darnley.

252. **Dean,** den or valley of Crichtoun.

Attended as the King's own guest;—
Such the command of royal James,
Who marshall'd then his land's array,
Upon the Borough-moor that lay.
Perchance he would not foeman's eye
Upon his gathering hosts should pry,
Till full prepared was every band
To march against the English land.
Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit
Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit;
And, in his turn, he knew to prize
Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,—
Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,
And policies of war and peace.

XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night,
That on the battlements they walk'd,
And, by the slowly fading light,
Of varying topics talk'd;
And, unaware, the Herald-bard
Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,
In travelling so far;
For that a messenger from heaven
In vain to James had counsel given
Against the English war:
And, closer question'd, thus he told
A tale, which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enroll'd:—

XV.

SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE.

"Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,

260. **Borough-moor,** common moor or field just outside of Edingburgh.

In Scotland far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild-buck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake;
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay.
But June is, to our sovereign dear,
The heaviest month in all the year:
Too well his cause of grief you know,
June saw his father's overthrow.
Woe to the traitors, who could bring
The princely boy against his King!
Still in his conscience burns the sting.
In offices as strict as Lent,
King James's June is ever spent.

XVI.

"When last this ruthful month was come,
And in Linlithgow's holy dome
The King, as wont, was praying:
While, for his royal father's soul,
The chanters sung, the bells did toll,
The Bishop mass was saying—
For now the year brought round again

291. **bells**, abbreviation of bellows.

298. "The rebellion against James III was signalized by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army. When the king saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman and water pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV., after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the monks of the chapel royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III fell, was fought 18th of June, 1488." (Scott.) For the severe penances of James IV. see note v. on line 247.

The day the luckless king was slain—
In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,
With sackcloth-shirt and iron belt
And eyes with sorrow streaming;
Around him, in their stalls of state,
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
Their banners o'er them beaming.
I too, was there, and sooth to tell,
Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
Through the stain'd casement gleaming;
But, while I marked what next befell,
It seem'd as I were dreaming.
Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white;
His forehead bald, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—
Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,—
I pledge to you my knightly word,
That, when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty of face,
His solemn bearing, and his pace
So stately gliding on,—
Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint
So just an image of the Saint,
Who propp'd the Virgin in her faint,—
The loved Apostle John!

313. **iron belt,** (See note v. line 247.)

315. **stalls,** seats.

316. The order of the Thistle "is fabulously said to have been founded by Achaius in the eighth century in commemoration of a victory gained over a king of Northumbria. It was revived in 1540 by James V. and in 1687 by James VII. (James II of England), but had in each case been suffered to fall into disuse." It was revived once more by Queen Anne, and still exists.

325. **cincture,** girdle.

336. **propp'd,** held.

XVII.

He stepp'd before the Monarch's chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,
And little reverence made;
Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant,
And words like these he said,
In a low voice — but never tone
So thrill'd through vein, and nerve, and bone;
"My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
Woe waits on thine array;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware:
God keep thee as he may!'—
The wondering Monarch seem'd to seek
For answer, and found none;
And when he raised his head to speak,
The monitor was gone.
The Marshal and myself had cast
To stop him as he outward pass'd;
But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
He vanish'd from our eyes,
Like sunbeam on the billow cast
That glances but, and dies."

XVIII.

While Lindesay told his marvel strange,
The twilight was so pale,
He mark'd not Marmion's color change,
While listening to the tale;

352. doubly warned, being in the first place warned not to go to war, and being warned in the second place that, if he was determined to go to war, he must beware of womanly wiles, *i.e.*, Lady Heron.

357. cast, planned.

But, after a suspended pause,
The Baron spoke :—" Of Nature's laws
So strong I held the force,
That never superhuman cause
Could e'er control their course ;
And, three days since, had judged your aim
Was but to make your guest your game.
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
What much has changed my sceptic creed,
And made me credit aught.—" He staid,
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid :
But, by that strong emotion press'd,
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's pain,
To Lindesay did at length unfold
The tale his village host had told,
At Gifford, to his train.
Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance, or of Clare ;
The thoughts which broke his sleep, he seems
To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX.

" In vain," said he, " to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couch'd my head :
Fantastic thoughts returned ;
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burn'd.
So sore was the delirious goad,
I took my steed and forth I rode,
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
Soon reached the camp upon the wold.
The southern entrance I pass'd through,

373. **your game**, make sport of.
396. **wold**, common, plain, moor.

And halted, and my bugle blew.
Methought an answer met my ear,—
Yet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

XX.

"Thus judging, for a little space
I listen'd, ere I left the place;
But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they serv'd me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,
A mounted champion rise.—
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In single fight and mix'd affray,
And ever, I myself may say,
Have borne me as a knight;
But when this unexpected foe
Seem'd starting from the gulf below,—
I care not though the truth I show,—
I trembled with affright;
And as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook for very fear,
I scarce could couch it right.

XXI.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course,— my charger fell;—
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?—
I roll'd upon the plain.
High o'er my head, with threating hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand,—
Yet did the worst remain:
My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—

415. gulf below, hell.

Not opening hell itself could blast
Their sight, like what I saw!
Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—
A face could never be mistook!
I knew the stern vindictive look,
And held my breath for awe.
I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
I well believe the last;
For ne'er, from vizor raised, did stare
A human warrior, with a glare
So grimly and so ghast.
Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;
But when to good Saint George I pray'd,
(The first time e'er I ask'd his aid,)
He plunged it in the sheath;
And, on his courser mounting light,
He seem'd to vanish from my sight:
The moonbeam droop'd, and deepest night
Sunk down upon the heath.—
'Twere long to tell what cause I have
To know his face that met me there,
Call'd by his hatred from the grave,
To cumber upper air:
Dead or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy."

XXII.

Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount;
Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recount
Such chance had happ'd of old,
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fell of fiendish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,

431. **strook**, old form of struck.
437. **the last**, that he has long been dead.

With Brian Bulmer bold,
And train'd him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.
"And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,
With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,
And fingers red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomantoul and Auchnaslaid
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.
And yet whate'er such legends say,
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
On mountain, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
True son of chivalry should hold
These midnight terrors vain;
For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour,
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbor unrepented sin."—
Lord Marmion turn'd him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried,
Then press'd Sir David's hand,—
But nought, at length, in answer said,
And hear their farther converse staid,
Each ordering that his band

462. And almost induced him to reject the heavenly aid, which his baptismal vow, by which he had been admitted to the privileges of Christianity, entitled him to appeal to.

In the story of Bulmer given in Scott's note, we are told that Bulmer was overthrown and severely wounded by the spectre, who promised to cure him, if he would abstain from making vows openly or secretly to God, or the Saints. Bulmer accepted the condition, and was immediately healed. But in his astonishment at this sudden recovery, he uttered a holy name, and straightway his spectral enemy vanished, and he saw nothing near him but his horse quietly feeding.

465. plaid, a Scotch garment.

467. glade, forests in the Scotch Highlands.

Should bowne them with the rising day,
To Scotland's camp to take their way,—
Such was the King's command.

XXIII.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road,
And I could trace each step they trode:
Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,
Lies on the path to me unknown.
Much might it boast of storied lore;
But, passing such digression o'er,
Suffice it that their route was laid,
Across the furzy hills of Braid.
They pass'd the glen and scanty rill,
And climb'd the opposing bank, until
They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV.

Blackford! on whose uncultured breast,
Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,
A truant boy, I sought the nest,
Or listed, as I lay at rest,
While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steeple jangling loud,
Saint Giles' mingling din.

487. **bowne**, prepare.

490. **Dun-Edin**, is derived from Celtic *dun* (a fortified hill), which appears in "Dunkeld," "Dunbar," "Dundee," and many other names of Scotch towns. The latter part of the word is Saxon, being the name of a Saxon king of Northumbria, who extended his rule as far as the Forth.

497. **furze**, a spiney shrub with yellow flowers.
Braid, on the outskirts of Edinburgh.

500. **Blackford Hill**, now a part of Edinburgh.

502. **whin**, furze.

513. **Saint Giles's**, oldest church in Edinburgh.

Now, from the summit to the plain,
Waves all the hill with yellow grain;
And o'er the landscape as I look,
Nought do I see unchanged remain,
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
To me they make a heavy moan,
Of early friendships past and gone.

XXV.

But different far the change has been,
Since Marmion from the crown
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
Upon the bent so brown:
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,
Upland, and dale, and down:—
A thousand, did I say? I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequer'd all the heath between
The streamlet and the town;
In crossing rank extending far,
Forming a camp irregular;
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green:
In these extended lines there lay,
A martial kingdom's vast array.

524. **bent**, either the slope of the hill (from bend) or the plain, (from "bent," a coarse kind of grass.)

526. **Borough-moor.** "The Borough or common moor of Edinburgh was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there in 1513, the Borough-moor was, according to Hawthornden, "a field spacious and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks."

537. **tamed**, relieved.

XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge;
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,
And charger's shrilling neigh;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flash'd, from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare
To embers now the brands decay'd,
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war;
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,
And culverins which France had given.
Ill-omen'd gift! the guns remain

540-543. The Hebudes or Hebrides are islands situated in the Atlantic to the north-west of Scotland. Eastern Lodon is East Lothian or Haddingtonshire, one of the most fertile counties in Scotland, and renowned for good agriculture. Redswire is among the Cheviots near the English border. Ross-shire is one of the northern counties in the Highlands of Scotland.

562. **Borthwick's Sister's Seven**, seven guns made by a man named Borthwick. They were under the command of the same Borthwick at Flodden, and there fell into the hands of the English. Borthwick was himself killed in the battle.

563. **culverins**, long cannons used in the sixteenth century.

The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

XXVIII.

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air
A thousand streamers flaunted fair;
Various in shape, device and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,
Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there
O'er the pavilions flew.
Highest and midmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide;
The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,
With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion view'd the Landscape bright,—
He view'd it with a chief's delight,—
Until within him burn'd his heart,
And lightning from his eye did part,
As on the battle-day;

570–573. A pensil or pennoncel is a small pennon, "cel" being a diminutive termination. A bandrol is a small banner, which, although by Grose identified with the pensil, is probably here intended to signify the oblong banner which was the distinguishing mark of the knight banneret. A scroll in heraldry means an imitation of a narrow roll of parchment represented on an escutcheon to contain the motto, and seems here to mean a flag bearing a motto.

576. Upon such occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare Stone, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the highway between Edinburgh and Braid.

583. The royal banner of Scotland had the same blazonry as the royal shield: a red lion rampant, on a golden field. A lion rampant stands erect on his hind legs with one foreleg elevated above the other.

Such glance did falcon never dart,
When stooping on his prey.
"Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
Thy King from warfare to dissuade
Were but a vain essay:
For, by St. George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal, nor divine,
Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dimm'd their armor's shine
In glorious battle-fray!"
Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood,—
"Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,
That Kings would think withal,
When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,
'Tis better to sit still and rest,
Than rise, perchance to fall."

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendor red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,

618. **Castle,** Edinburgh Castle.

Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And, as each heathy top they kiss'd,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law:
And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand,
And making demi-volte in air,
Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!"
The Lindesay smiled his joy to see,
Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

XXXI.

Thus while they look'd, a flourish proud,
Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,
And fife, and kettle-drum,
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,

624. **Ochil mountains**, northwest of Edinburgh.

627. **Fife**, the country bordering on the Frith of Forth.

628. **Preston-Bay**, east of Edinburgh.
Law, hill — **Berwick-Law**, a hill about twenty-five miles east of Edinburgh.

630. Frith of Forth.

637. **making demi-volte**, making his horse rear up and half turn round; a feat much practised by knights.

645. **sackbut**, trumpet, similar to trombone.
psaltery, stringed instrument.

And war-pipe with discordant cry,
And cymbal clattering to the sky,
Making wild music bold and high,
Did up the mountain come;
The whilst the bells, with distant chime
Merrily toll'd the hour of prime,
And thus the Lindesay spoke:
"Thus clamor still the war-notes when
The King to mass his way has ta'en,
Or to Saint Katharine's of Sienne,
Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.
To you they speak of martial fame;
But me remind of peaceful game,
When blither was their cheer,
Thrilling in Falkland woods the air,
In signal none his steed should spare,
But strive which foremost might repair
To the downfall of the deer.

XXXII.

"Nor less," he said,—"when looking forth,
I view yon empress of the North
Sit on her hilly throne;
Her palace's imperial bowers,
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,
Her stately halls and holy towers —
Nor less," he said, "I moan,
To think what woe mischance may bring,

646 **war-pipe**, bag-pipe.

651. **prime**, 6 A.M., the time for morning prayers.

655. **Saint Katherine's**, a convent near Edinburgh.

656. **Saint Rocque**, a chapel on the moor.

660. **Falkland woods**, a royal forest north of Edinburgh, where the King was fond of hunting.

665 **empress of the North**, Edinburgh.

And how these merry bells may ring
The death-dirge of our gallant King;
Or with the larum call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,
'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall.—
But not for my presaging thought,
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!
Lord Marmion, I say nay:
God is the guider of the field,
He breaks the champion's spear and shield, —
But thou thyself shalt say,
When joins yon host in deadly stowre,
That England's dames must weep in bower,
Her monks the death-mass sing;
For never saw'st thou such a power
Led on by such a King."—
And now, down winding to the plain,
The barriers of the camp they gain;
And there they made a stay.—
There stays the Minstrel, till he fling
His hand o'er every Border string,
And fit his harp the pomp to sing,
Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,
In the succeeding lay.

674. **larum**, alarm, warning noise.

675. **burghers**, citizens, inhabitants of the borough.

676. **sack**, pillage.

677. **leaguer'd**, invested, besieged.

684. **stowre**, tumult, battle.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COURT.

I.

The train has left the hills of Braid;
The barrier guard have open made
(So Lindesay bade) the palisade,
That closed the tented ground;
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through,
Into its ample bound.
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,
Upon the Southern band to stare.
And envy with their wonder rose
To see such well-appointed foes;
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge, that many simply thought,
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought;
And little deem'd their force to feel,
Through links of mail, and plates of steel,
When rattling upon Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view
Glance every line and squadron through;

5. The captains of the barrier-guard withdrew the soldiers under their command out of the way, as Marmion and his company were to be allowed to enter, and saluted him as he passed through. "To carry pikes" or "to advance pikes" is a military salute, something like the modern "present arms."

12. In the reign of Edward IV. and Henry VIII. every Englishman was required by law to have a bow of his own height, and to practise himself in the use of his own weapon.

And much he marvell'd one small land
Could marshal forth such various band:
For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight,
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,
With battle-axe and spear.
Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Practised their chargers on the plain,
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,
Each warlike feat to show,
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
And high curvett, that not in vain
The sword sway might descend amain
On foeman's casque below.
He saw the hardy burghers there
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,
For vizor they wore none,
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;
But burnish'd were their corslets bright,
Their brigantines, and gorgets light,
Like very silver shone.
Long pikes they had for standing fight,

32. To gain the croupe, to jump up on the horse behind the saddle. A historian quoted by Scott in his essay on chivalry says that it was customary for every young squire to learn among other feats of strength and agility, how to "mount on horseback behind one of his comrades by barely laying his hand on his sleeve."

33. A horse curvetting first raises his fore legs to an equal height, and then before they have fallen raises his hind legs. Such a movement would throw the whole weight of the horse into a blow delivered at the right moment.

40. corslet, body-armor.

41. gorgets, armor around the neck.

brigantine, a quilted jacket with iron rings and plates sewn on to the leather, so as to make it resist sword cuts and spears. "The Scottish burgesses were, like yoemen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth £100 Scots; their armor to be of white or bright harness. They wore *white hats, i. e.*, bright steel caps without crest or visor." (Scott.)

Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded mace of weight,
And bucklers bright they bore.

III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dressed
In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,
With iron quilted well;
Each at his back (a slender store)
His forty days' provision bore,
As feudal statutes tell.
His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,
A dagger-knife, and brand.
Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,
As loath to leave his cottage dear,
And march to foreign strand;
Or musing, who would guide his steer,
To till the fallow land.
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie;
More dreadful far his ire,
Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,
In eager mood to battle came,
Their valor like light straw on flame,
A fierce but fading fire.

45. **mace**, war club, with spiked metal head.

46. **bucklers**, shields.

48. **steel jack**, a jacket or coat of leather serviceably protected by steel quilted into it. It is called a "swarthy vest," because the leather would look black in comparison with armor of burnished steel.

51. "When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provisions. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course." (Scott.)

53. **halbert**, a long staff, with battle axe or pike at the end.

54. **hagbut**, hackbut, harquebus, hand fire-arm, somewhat like a musket.

55. **brand**, sword.

IV.

Not so the Borderer: — bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joy'd to hear it swell.
His peaceful day was slothful ease;
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please
Like the loud slogan yell.
On active steed, with lance and blade,
The light-arm'd pricker plied his trade,—
Let nobles fight for fame;
Let vassals follow where they lead,
Burghers, to guard their townships, bleed,
But war's the Borderer's game.
Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night,
O'er mountain, moss, and moor;
Joyful to fight they took their way,
Scarce caring who might win the day,
Their booty was secure.
These, as Lord Marmion's train pass'd by,
Look'd on at first with careless eye,
Nor marvell'd aught, well taught to know
The form and force of English bow.
But when they saw the Lord array'd
In splendid arms, and rich brocade,
Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—
"Hist, Ringan! seest thou there!
Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride?
O! could we but on Border-side,

73. **slogan**, war cry.

75. **pricker**, horseman.

82. **moss**, swamp.

85. The Borderers, if they saw the fight going against them, were liable to change sides and join the victors, so as to get their share of the plunder.

By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,
Beset a prize so fair!
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
Might chance to lose his glistering hide;
Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,
Could make a kirtle rare."

V.

Next, Marmion marked the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,
A various race of man;
Just then the Chiefs their tribes array'd,
And wild and garish semblance made
The chequer'd trews, and belted plaid,
And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd
To every varying clan;
Wild through their red or sable hair
Look'd out their eyes with savage stare
On Marmion as he pass'd;
Their legs above the knee were bare;

96. **Eusedale glen**, Valley of the Euse.
Liddell's tide, Liddell river, on the border line.

98. **fangless Lion**, Sir David Lindesay.

99. **glistering hide**, dazzling coat.

100. **Maudlin**, Magdalen.

100. **pied**, many colored.

101. **kirtle**, garment, gown.

103. **of different language**, different from that spoken by the Borderers. The Highlander spoke Gaelic, a Celtic language; while the Lowlanders, amongst whom are to be numbered the Borderers mentioned in the preceding stanza, being of Anglo-Saxon descent, spoke Lowland Scotch, a language not very different from ordinary English.

107. **belted plaid**, this plaid was wrapped round the body, and the ends girt with a belt at the waist formed a kind of petticoat, which reached half way down the thighs and left the knees bare (l 113). As, however, it was unsuitable for horsemanship, the chiefs and others, who had occasion to ride, wore *trews*, close fitting trousers covering the whole leg, which, like the plaid, were made of the clan tartan, chequered.

109. Each clan had its own martial airs, some of which survive to the present day.

Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
And harden'd to the blast;
Of taller race, the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.
The hunted Red-deer's undress'd hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied;
The graceful bonnet deck'd their head:
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;
A broadsword of unwieldy length,
A dagger proved for edge and strength,
A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts, — but O!
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
To that which England bore.
The Isles-men carried at their backs
The ancient Danish battle axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmion by.
Loud were their clamoring tongues, as when
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,
And, with their cries discordant mix'd,
Grumbled and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they pass'd
And reached the City gate at last,
Where all around a wakeful guard,
Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward.

119. **buskins**, boots.

120. **bonnet**, the Scotch cap.

122. The Highland broadsword, called a claymore, was so large that it was usually wielded with two hands.

124. **targe**, shield.

128. **The Isles-men** came from the Hebrides, see 4. xxvi. 1. The Danish battle-axe, with which they were armed, points to the fact that the Danes had settled in large numbers in the North-West of Scotland.

Well had they cause of jealous fear,
When lay encamp'd, in field so near,
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
As through the bustling streets they go,
All was alive with martial show;
At every turn, with dinning clang,
The armorer's anvil clash'd and rang;
Or toil'd the swarthy smith, to wheel
The bar that arms the charger's heel;
Or axe, or falchion, to the side,
Of jarring grindstone was applied.
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
Through street, and lane, and market-place,
Bore lance, or casque, or sword;
While burghers, with important face,
Described each new-come lord,
Discuss'd his lineage, told his name,
His following, and his warlike fame.
The Lion led to lodging meet,
Which high o'erlook'd the crowded street;
There must the baron rest,
Till past the hour of vesper tide,
And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
Such was the King's behest.
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich, and costly wines
To Marmion and his train;
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
And following Lindesay as he leads,
The palace-halls they gain.

147. **to wheel**, to hammer a bar of iron into a curved horse shoe.
161. **vesper-tide**, vesper time, the hour of evening prayer.
168. **dons**, puts on.
weeds, clothes, dress.

VII.

Old Holy-rood rung merrily,
That night, with wassel, mirth, and glee :—
King James within her princely bower
Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power,
Summon'd to spend the parting hour ;
For he had charged, that his array
Should southward march by break of day.
Well loved that splendid monarch aye
The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long.
This feast outshone his banquets past ;
It was his blithest — and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the Court a dancing ray ;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing ;
There ladies touched a softer string ;
With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest,
The licensed fool retail'd his jest ;
His magic tricks the juggler plied ;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied ;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted them in vain ;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious love asserts his power,
O'er coldness and disdain ;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true —

172. **wassel**, revelry, festive drinking.

178. **aye**, at all times, always.

180. **tourney**, tournament.

Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.

VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverent all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doff'd, to Marmion bending low,
His broider'd cap and plume.
For royal was his garb and mein,
His cloak of crimson velvet piled,
Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild;
His vest of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown:
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldric bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was button'd with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength, or exercise,

213. **pile**, the nap or hairy surface of cloth or skins. Here "piled" means furnished with pile.

220. **Toledo right**, a real Toledo sword. Toledo, Spain, was famous for its swords.

221. **baldric**, cross-belt worn over the shoulder and across the breast to support a sword, etc.

Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye,
His short curl'd beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue; —
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
I said he joy'd in banquet bower;
But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside;
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And straining on the tighten'd rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

247. "Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived. Pittscottie founds his belief that James was not slain in the battle of Flodden, because the English never had this token of the iron belt to show to any Scottishman. James was wont, during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress and conform to the rules of the order of Franciscans; and when he had thus done penance for some time in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure." (Scott.)

X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway:
To Scotland's Court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the King to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance own;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,
And charged him as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on Southron land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.
And thus, for France's Queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share;

261. "King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our historians impute to the king's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden. Heron of Ford had been in 1511 in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was committed by his brother, Lilburn, and Starked, three Borderers. Lilburn and Heron of Ford were delivered up by Henry to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fastcastle, where the former died. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiations with James was the liberty of her husband." (Scott.)

269. "Also the Queen of France wrote a love-letter to the King of Scotland, calling him her love, showing him that she had suffered much rebuke in France for defending his honor. She believed surely that he would recompense her again with some of his kingly support in her necessity; that is to say, that he would raise her an army, and come three foot of ground on English ground, for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses." (Scott)

272. **break a lance**, fight, go to war.

And thus, for both, he madly plann'd
The ruin of himself and land!
And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
And weeps the weary day
The war against her native soil,
Her Monarch's risk in battle broil:—
And in gay Holy-rood, the while,
Dame Heron rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play.
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The strings her fingers flew;
And as she touched and tuned them all,
Ever her bosom's rise and fall
Was plainer given to view;
For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood untied.
And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
And then around the silent ring;
And laugh'd and blush'd, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by Yea and Nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play!
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively air she rung,
While thus the wily lady sung:—

302. **wimple**, a veil or scarf wound around the neck and chin.

XII.

LOCHINVAR.

Lady Heron's Song.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—

321. **Netherby gate**, gate of Netherby Castle on the Eske River.

332. The rise of the tide in the Solway Frith, an arm of the Irish Sea, is remarkable for its rapidity. We are told in Scott's *Redgauntlet* that "the tide advances with such rapidity upon these fatal sands, that well-mounted horsemen lay aside hopes of safety, if they see its white surge advancing, while they are yet at a distance from the bank."

And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye,
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

344. **galliard**, lively dance.

353. **scaur**, scar, rock.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?"

XIII.

The monarch o'er the siren hung
And beat the measure as she sung;
And pressing closer and more near,
He whisper'd praises in her ear.
In loud applause the courtiers vied;
And ladies wink'd and spoke aside.
The witching dame to Marmion threw
A glance where seem'd to reign
The pride that claims applauses due,
And of her royal conquest too
A real or feign'd disdain:
Familiar was the look, and told
Marmion and she were friends of old.
The King observed their meeting eyes,
With something like displeas'd surprise.
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
Even in a word, or smile, or look.
Straight took he forth the parchment broad,
Which Marmion's high commission show'd:
"Our borders sack'd by many a raid,
Our peaceful liegemen robb'd," he said;
"On day of truce our Warden slain,

357. **Cannobie Lee**, field or common meadow near the castle.

382. **Warden slain**, see 261 note.

Stout Barton kill'd, his vassals ta'en
Unworthy were we here to reign,
Should these for vengeance cry in vain;
Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,
Our herald has to Henry borne."

XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,
And with stern eye the pageant view'd:
I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,
Who coronet of Angus bore,
And, when his blood and heart were high,
Did the third James in camp defy;
And all his minions led to die
On Lauder's dreary flat:
Princes and favorites long grew tame,
And trembled at the homely name
Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat;

383. **Stout Barton**, a Scotch seaman who having received permission from James to plunder Portuguese merchants' ships, used the same privileges against English vessels, and was attacked by the English admiral. After a severe fight Barton was killed and his ships were taken in 1511.

390. I mean that Douglas, who in old times bore sixth (was the sixth to bear) the coronet of Angus. In other words, he was the sixth Earl of Angus.

398. "Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of *Bell-the-Cat*, upon the following occasion: — James III., of whom Pittscottie the historian, complains that he delighted more in music and 'policies of building' than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised as to make favorites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility were extremely incensed at the honors conferred on these persons, particularly on Cochran, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and seizing the opportunity when, in 1482, the King had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the king's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of the measure, Lord Grey told the assembly the Apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. 'I understand the moral,' said Angus; 'and that what we propose may not lack execution, I will *bell the cat*.'" (Scott.)

The same who left the dusky vale
Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,
Its dungeons and its towers,
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
To fix his princely bowers.
Though now, in age, he had laid down
His armor for the peaceful gown,
And for a staff his brand,
Yet often would flash forth the fire,
That could, in youth, a monarch's ire
And minion's pride withstand;
And even that day at Council board,
Unapt to soothe his sovereign's mood,
Against the war had Angus stood,
And chafed his royal lord.

XV.

His giant form, like ruin'd tower,
Though fall'n its muscles' brawny vaunt,
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt
Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lower:
His locks and beard in silver grew;
His eyebrows kept their sable hue.
Near Douglas when the monarch stood,
His bitter speech he thus pursued:
"Lord Marmion, since these letters say
That in the North you needs must stay —
While slightest hopes of peace remain,

400. Archibald, Earl of Angus, was compelled by James IV. to give up his castle of Hermitage and take Bothwell in exchange.

410. While they were thus deliberating, Cochran appeared himself at the church door in magnificent attire, attended by three hundred followers. He was met by the nobles, and Angus roughly pulled the gold chain from his neck, saying "A halter would better become him." Angus then took the lead in hanging Cochran and the other favorites of the king over the middle of Lauder Bridge, thus fulfilling his promise that he would bell the cat.

Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,
To say — Return to Lindisfarne,
Until my herald come again.
Then rest you in Tantallon Hold;
Your host shall be the Douglas bold,
A chief unlike his sires of old.
He wears their motto on his blade,
Their blazon o'er his towers display'd;
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
More than to face his country's foes.
And, I bethink me, by St. Stephen,
But e'en this morn to me was given
A prize, the first fruits of the war,
Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar.
A bevy of the maids of Heaven.
Under your guard, these holy maids
Shall safe return to cloister shades,
And, while they at Tantallon stay,
Requiem for Cochran's soul may say."
And, with the slaughter'd favorite's name,
Across the Monarch's brow there came
A cloud of ire, remorse, and shame.

429. **hold**, stronghold.

"The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the North Sea, about two miles east of North Berwick. Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family." (Scott.)

432. **Their motto**, "The like subject had never any king."

433. **Blazon**, coat of arms.

435. "Angus was an old man when war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from the commencement; and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting that the king said to him, with scorn and indignation, 'if he was afraid he might go home.' The earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons, George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenbervie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and his country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden." (Scott.)

437. **e'en**, even, only.

444. **requiem for**, etc., may pray for the soul of Cochran.

XVI.

In answer nought could Angus speak ;
His proud heart swell'd wellnigh to break :
He turn'd aside, and down his cheek
A burning tear there stole.
His hand the Monarch sudden took,
That sight his kind heart could not brook :
" Now, by the Bruce's soul,
Angus, my hasty speech forgive !
For sure as doth his spirit live,
As he said of the Douglas old,
I well may say of you,—
That never King did subject hold,
In speech more free, in war more bold,
More tender and more true :
Forgive me, Douglas, once again."—
And, while the King his hand did strain,
The old man's tears fell down like rain.
To seize the moment Marmion tried,
And whisper'd to the King aside :
" Oh ! let such tears unwonted plead
For respite short from dubious deed !
A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman's heart :
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
Then, oh ! what omen, dark and high,
When Douglas wets his manly eye !"

XVII.

Displeased was James, that stranger view'd
And tamper'd with his changing mood.
" Laugh those that can, weep those that may,"
Thus did the fiery Monarch say,

"Southward I march by break of day;
And if within Tantallon strong
The good Lord Marmion tarries long,
Perchance our meeting next may fall
At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."—
The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,
And answer'd grave the royal vaunt:
"Much honor'd were my humble home,
If in its halls King James should come;
But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood;
Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.
On Derby hills the paths are steep;
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep;
And many a banner will be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne,
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent:
Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may!"—
The Monarch lightly turn'd away,
And to his nobles loud did call,—
"Lords, to the dance, — a hall! a hall!"
Himself his cloak and sword flung by,
And led Dame Heron gallantly;
And minstrels, at the royal order,
Rung out—"Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell
What to Saint Hilda's maids befell,
Whose galley, as they sail'd again

484. **Tamworth**, home of Marmion, in Staffordshire, England.

493. **Ouse and Tyne**, rivers in North of England.

501. **a hall!** the ancient cry to make room for a dance or pageant.

505. **Blue Bonnets**, Scotchmen, so the air signifies, an invasion of England.

To Whitby, by a Scott was ta'en.
Now at Dun-Edin did they bide,
Till James should of their fate decide;
And soon, by his command,
Were gently summon'd to prepare
To journey under Marmion's care,
As escort honor'd, safe, and fair,
Again to English land.
The Abbess told her chaplet o'er,—
Nor knew which saint she should implore;
For, when she thought of Constance, sore
She fear'd Lord Marmion's mood.
And judge what Clara must have felt!
The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,
Had drunk De Wilton's blood.
Unwittingly, King James had given,
As guard to Whitby's shades,
The man most dreaded under Heaven
By these defenceless maids:
Yet what petition could avail,
Or who would listen to the tale
Of woman, prisoner, and nun,
'Mid bustle of a war begun?
They deem'd it hopeless to avoid
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX.

Their lodging, so the King assign'd,
To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd;
And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
Who warned him by a scroll,
She had a secret to reveal,

517. **chaplet**, beads, rosary.
525. **shades**, cloisters, convent.
538. **scroll**, small letter or note.

That much concern'd the Church's weal,
And health of sinner's soul;
And, with deep charge of secrecy,
She named a place to meet,
Within an open balcony,
That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,
Above the stately street;
To which, as common to each home,
At night they might in secret come.

XX.

At night, in secret, there they came,
The Palmer and the holy Dame.
The moon among the clouds rose high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,
You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his boding wing
On Giles' steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrapt deep in shade;
There on their brows the moonbeam broke,
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,
And on the casements play'd.
And other light was none to see,
Save torches gliding far,
Before some chieftain of degree,
Who left the royal revelry
To bowne him for the war,—
A solemn scene the Abbess chose;
A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

552. **by**, past.
569. **bowne**, prepare.

XXI.

" O, holy Palmer ! " she began,—
" For sure he must be sainted man,
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found,—
For His dear Church's sake, my tale
Attend, nor deem of light avail ;
Though I must speak of worldly love.—
How vain to those who wed above !—
De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd
Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood ;
(Idle it were of Whitby's dame,
To say of that same blood I came ;)
And once, when jealous rage was high,
Lord Marmion said despiteously,
Wilton was traitor in his heart,
And had made league with Martin Swart,
When he came here on Simnel's part ;
And only cowardice did restrain
His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,—
And down he threw his glove : — the thing
Was tried, as wont, before the King ;
Where frankly did De Wilton own,
That Swart in Gueldres he had known ;
And that between them then there went

585. **despiteously**, maliciously.

587. "Martin Swart was a German general, who commanded the auxilaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield." (Scott.)

588. Lambert Simnel pretended he was the Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Clarence, although the real Earl was then in the Tower. His tale was believed in Ireland, and he was proclaimed in Dublin as King Edward VI. He then landed in England with his Irish and German followers, where he was defeated and made prisoner. Instead of being executed, he was given a menial position in the household of King Henry VII.

591. To throw down the glove was to challenge to single combat. The challenge was accepted by picking up the glove.

594. **Gueldres**, Holland.

Some scroll of courteous compliment.
For this he to his castle sent;
But when his messenger return'd,
Judge how De Wilton's fury burn'd!
For in his packet there were laid
Letters that claim'd disloyal aid,
And proved King Henry's cause betray'd.
His fame, thus blighted, in the field
He strove to clear, by spear and shield;—
To clear his fame in vain he strove,
For wondrous are His ways above!
Perchance some form was unobserved;
Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved;
Else how could guiltless champion quail,
Or how the blessed ordeal fail?

XXII.

"His squire, who now De Wilton saw
As recreant doom'd to suffer law,
Repentant own'd in vain,
That, while he had the scrolls in care,
A stranger maiden, passing fair,
Had drench'd him with a beverage rare;
His words no faith could gain.
With Clare alone he credence won,
Who rather than wed Marmion,
Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,
To give our house her livings fair,
And die a vestal vot'ress there.
The impulse from the earth was given,

610. **ordeal**, trial.

612. **suffer**, suffer the penalty of the law for high treason having been defeated in the trial by combat.

616. **drench'd him**, had induced him to drink deeply.

622. **vestal vot'ress** a nun.

But bent her to the paths of heaven.
A purer heart, a lovelier maid,
Ne'er shelter'd her in Whitby's shade,
No, not since Saxon Edelfled;
Only one trace of earthly strain,
That for her lover's loss
She cherishes a sorrow vain,
And murmurs at the cross.—
And then her heritage;—it goes
Along the banks of Tame;
Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,
In meadows rich the heifer lows,
The falconer and huntsman knows
Its woodlands for the game.
Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,
And I, her humble vot'ress here,
Should do a deadly sin,
Her temple spoil'd before mine eyes!
If this false Marmion such a prize
By my consent should win;
Yet hath our boisterous Monarch sworn,
That Clare shall from our house be torn;
And grievous cause have I to fear
Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

"Now, prisoner, helpless, and betrayed
To evil power, I claim thine aid,
By every step that thou hast trod
To holy shrine and grotto dim,
By every martyr's tortured limb,
By angel, saint, and seraphim,
And by the Church of God!

627. **Edelfled**, see Canto II., XIII.
633. **Tame**, the river Tame, flowing into the Trent in North of England.
641. **spoil'd**, plundered, robbed.

For mark: When Wilton was betray'd,
And with his squire forged letters laid,
She was, alas! that sinful maid
By whom the deed was done,—
O! shame and horror to be said;—
She was a perjured nun.
No clerk in all the land, like her,
Traced quaint and varying character.
Perchance you may a marvel deem,
That Marmion's paramour
(For such vile thing she was) should scheme
Her lover's nuptial hour;
But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,
As privy to his honor's stain,
Illimitable power:
For this she secretly retain'd
Each proof that might the plot reveal,
Instructions with his hand and seal;
And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,
Through sinners' perfidy impure,
Her house's glory to secure,
And Clare's immortal weal.

XXIV.

"'Twere long, and needless, here to tell,
How to my hand these papers fell;
With me they must not stay.
Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true!
Who knows what outrage he might do,
While journeying by the way?—
O, blessed Saint, if e'er again
I venturous leave thy calm domain,
To travel or by land or main,
Deep penance may I pay!—

662. character, letters.

Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer:
I give this packet to thy care,
For thee to stop they will not dare;
And O! with cautious speed,
To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,
That he may show them to the King:
And for thy well-earn'd meed,
Thou Holy man, at Whitby's shrine
A weekly mass shall still be thine,
While priests can sing and read.—
What ail'st thou?—Speak!"—For as he took
The charge, a strong emotion shook
His frame; and, ere reply,
They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,
Like distant clarion feebly blown,
That on the breeze did die;
And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear,
"Saint Withold, save us!—What is here!
Look at yon City Cross!
See on its battled tower appear
Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,
And blazon'd banners toss!"—

XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
Rose on a turret octagon;
(But now is razed that monument,
Whence royal edict rang,

691. **Wolsey's**, Cardinal Wolsey, minister to King Henry VIII.

709. "The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, destroyed this curious monument, under a pretext that it encumbered the street.

"From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds, published the acts of Parliament; and its site, marked by radii, diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made." (Scott.)

This ancient monument was restored in 1885 by Mr. Gladstone.

And voice of Scotland's law was sent
In glorious trumpet-clang.
O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
Upon its dull destroyer's head!—
A minstrel's malison is said.)—
Then on its battlements they saw
A vision, passing Nature's law,
Strange, wild, and dimly seen;
Figures that seem'd to rise and die,
Gibber and sign, advance and fly.
While nought confirm'd could ear or eye
Discern of sound or mien.
Yet darkly did it seem, as there
Heralds and pursuivants prepare,
With trumpet sound, and blazon fair,
A summons to proclaim;
But indistinct the pageant proud,
As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
When flings the moon upon her shroud
A wavering tinge of flame;
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
From midmost of the spectre crowd,
This awful summons came:—

XXVI.

"Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
Whose names I now shall call,
Scottish, or foreigner, give ear!
Subjects of him who sent me here,
At his tribunal to appear,

716. The destroyer's head being as dull as lead, it would be appropriate to bury it under a mass as heavy.

717. malison, curse, malediction.

723. confirmed, assured, (positively).

735. "This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV." (Scott.)

I summon one and all:
I cite you by each deadly sin,
That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within;
I cite you by each brutal lust,
That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—
By wrath, by pride, by fear,
By each o'er-mastering passion's tone,
By the dark grave, and dying groan!
When forty days are pass'd and gone,
I cite you, at your Monarch's throne,
To answer and appear."—
Then thunder'd forth a roll of names:—
The first was thine, unhappy James!
Then all thy nobles came;
Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,
Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,
Why should I tell their separate style?
Each chief of birth and fame,
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
Fore-doomed to Flodden's carnage pile,
Was cited there by name;
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye;
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,"
The self-same thundering voice did say.—
But then another spoke:—
"Thy fatal summons I deny,
And thine infernal Lord defy,
Appealing me to Him on High,
Who burst the sinner's yoke."
At that dread accent, with a scream,
Parted the pageant like a dream,
The summoner was gone.

757. **separate style**, several titles.

766. **another**, *i. e.*, De Wilton.

Prone on her face the Abbess fell,
And fast, and fast, her beads did tell;
Her nuns came, startled by the yell,
And found her there alone.
She mark'd not, at the scene aghast,
What time, or how, the Palmer pass'd.

XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth move,
Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,
Save when, for weal of those they love,
To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
The tottering child, the anxious fair,
The grey-hair'd sire, with pious care,
To chapels and to shrines repair—
Where is the Palmer now? and where
The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare?—
Bold Douglas? to Tantallon fair
They journey in thy charge:
Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,
The Palmer still was with the band;
Angus, like Lindesay, did command,
That none should roam at large.
But in that Palmer's alter'd mien
A wondrous change might now be seen,
Freely he spoke of war,
Of marvels wrought by single hand,
When lifted for a native land;
And still look'd high, as if he plann'd
Some desperate deed afar.
His courser would he feed and stroke,
And, tucking up his sable froke,
Would first his mettle bold provoke,
Then soothe or quell his pride.

803. froke, frock, robe.

Old Hubert said that never one
He saw, except Lord Marmion,
A steed so fairly ride.

XXVIII.

Some half-hour's march behind, there came,
By Eustace govern'd fair,
A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,
With all her nuns and Clare.
No audience had Lord Marmion sought;
Ever he fear'd to aggravate
Clara de Clare's suspicious hate;
And safer 'twas, he thought,
To wait till, from the nuns removed,
The influence of kinsmen loved,
And suit by Henry's self approved,
Her slow consent had wrought.
His was no flickering flame, that dies
Unless when fann'd by looks and sighs,
And lighted oft at lady's eyes;
He long'd to stretch his wide command
O'er luckless Clara's ample land;—
Besides, when Wilton with him vied,
Although the pang of humbled pride
The place of jealousy supplied,
Yet conquest, by that meanness won
He almost loath'd to think upon,
Led him, at times, to hate the cause,
Which made him burst through honor's laws.
If e'er he lov'd, 'twas her alone,
Who died within that vault of stone.

810. govern'd fair, excellently commanded.

829. conquest won by that meanness, (the forgery, which) he almost loathed to look upon.

831. cause, Clara.

833. her alone, Constance.

XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw
North Berwick's town, and lofty Law,
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,
Before a venerable pile,
Whose turrets view'd afar,
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,
The ocean's peace or war.
At tolling of a bell, forth came
The convent's venerable Dame,
And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess rest
With her, a loved and honor'd guest,
Till Douglas should a bark prepare
To waft her back to Whitby fair.
Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,
And thank'd the Scottish Prioress;
And tedious were to tell, I ween,
The courteous speech that pass'd between.
O'erjoyed, the nuns their palfrey's leave;
But when fair Clara did intend,
Like them, from horseback to descend,
Fitz-Eustace said,— "I grieve,
Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
Such gentle company to part;
Think not discourtesy,
But lords' commands must be obey'd;
And Marmion and the Douglas said,
That you must wend with me.
Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd;

836. **Law**, hill:—Berwick-Law, see canto iv., xxx.

838. **venerable pile**, a cistercian convent, near North Berwick, founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, in 1216.

840. **Bass Rock and Lambie Isle**, two islands near North Berwick.

861. **wend**, go.

Commanding that, beneath his care,
Without delay you shall repair
To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare."

XXX.

The startled Abbess loud acclaim'd;
But she, at whom the blow was aim'd,
Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—
She deem'd she heard her death-doom read.
"Cheer thee, my child!" the Abbess said,
"They dare not tear thee from my hand,
To ride alone with armed band."—
"Nay, holy mother, nay,"
Fitz-Eustace said, "the lovely Clare
Will be in Lady Angus' care,
In Scotland while we stay;
And, when we move, an easy ride
Will bring us to the English side,
Female attendance to provide
Befitting Gloster's heir;
Nor thinks, nor dreams, my noble lord,
By slightest look, or act, or word,
To harass Lady Clare.
Her faithful guardian he will be,
Nor sue for slightest courtesy
Than e'en to stranger falls,
Till he shall place her, safe and free,
Within her kinsman's halls."
He spoke, and blush'd with earnest grace;
His faith was painted on his face,
And Clare's worst fear relieved.
The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,
Entreated, threaten'd, grieved;
To martyr, saint, and prophet pray'd,

Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,
And call'd the Prioress to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book.
Her head the grave Cistertian shook:
"The Douglas and the King," she said,
"In their commands will be obeyed;
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
The maiden in Tantallon hall."

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
Assumed her wonted state again,—
For much of state she had,—
Composed her veil, and raised her head,
And "Bid," in solemn voice she said,
"Thy master, bold and bad,
The records of his house turn o'er,
And, when he shall there written see,
That one of his own ancestry
Drove the monks forth of Coventry,
Bid him his fate explore!
Prancing in pride of earthly trust,
His charger hurl'd him to the dust,
And, by a base plebeian thrust,
He died his band before.
God judge 'twixt Marmion and me;
He is a Chief of high degree,
And I a poor recluse;
Yet oft, in holy writ, we see
Even such weak minister as me

899. "The ancient method of excommunication. The clergy pronounces the formula of excommunication, the bell is tolled as for the dead, the book from which the formula was read is closed, and a lighted candle is cast upon the ground, the effect being to exclude the excommunicated from the society of the faithful."

913–918. An ancestor, Lord Robert de Marmion had driven the monks from the church at Coventry. Later in battle, he fell from his horse while riding at the head of his followers, and was killed by a foot soldier.

May the oppressor bruise :
For thus, inspired, did Judith slay
The mighty in his sin,
And Jael thus, and Deborah"—
Here hasty Blount broke in :
"Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band ;
St. Anton' fire thee ! wilt thou stand
All day, with bonnet in thy hand,
To hear the lady preach ?
By this good light ! if thus we stay,
Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,
Will sharper sermon teach.
Come, don thy cap, and mount thy horse ;
The Dame must patience take perforce."

XXXII.

"Submit we then to force," said Clare,
"But let this barbarous lord despair
His purposed aim to win ;
Let him take living, land, and life ;
But to be Marmion's wedded wife
In me were deadly sin,
And if it be the King's decree,
That I must find no sanctuary,
In that inviolable dome,
Where even a homicide might come,

926. **Judith,** a Jewess, slew Holofernes, an Assyrian general, who was besieging the town of Bethulia.

928. **Jael** received the defeated Canaanite General, Sisera, in her tent with all the outward signs of hospitality, and, when he slept, killed him by hammering a tent peg into his temples. This Sisera was defeated by Barak, who had been directed to attack him by the prophetess Deborah.

931. Erysipelas was called St. Anthony's fire.

935 **fond,** foolish.

942. **living,** the means of supporting life.

947. **that inviolable dome,** the convent at Whitby. Certain monasteries in England formerly had the privilege of affording refuge to fugitives from justice, and were therefore called sanctuaries.

And safely rest his head,
Though at its open portals stood,
Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,
The kinsmen of the dead;
Yet one asylum is my own
Against the dreaded hour;
A low, a silent, and a lone,
Where kings have little power.
One victim is before me there.—
Mother, your blessing, and in prayer
Remember your unhappy Clare!"
Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows
Kind blessings many a one:
Weeping and wailing loud arose,
Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes
Of every simple nun.
His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,
And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide.
Then took the squire her rein,
And gently led away her steed,
And, by each courteous word and deed,
To cheer her strove in vain.

XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band had rode,
When o'er a height they pass'd,
And, sudden, close before them show'd
His towers, Tantallon vast;
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war,
On a projecting rock they rose,

953. **one asylum**, the grave.

957. **one victim**, either Wilton, whom she supposes to be dead, or perhaps Constance.

971. **scant**, scarcely.

973. **sudden**, suddenly.

And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse.
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, and entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square:
Around were lodgings, fit and fair,
And towers of various form,
Which on the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular.
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the Warder could descry
The gathering ocean-storm.

XXXIV.

Here they did rest.—The princely care
Of Douglas, why should I declare,
Or say they met reception fair?
Or why the tidings say,
Which, varying, to Tantallon came,
By hurrying posts, or fleeter fame,
With every varying day?
And, first, they heard King James had won
Etall, and Wark, and Ford: and then,
That Norham Castle strong was ta'en.
At that sore marvell'd Marmion;—
And Douglas hoped his monarch's hand
Would soon subdue Northumberland:—

980. **fosse,** ditch, moat.
982. **studded,** strengthened with iron bolts.
989. **keep,** stronghold, donjon.
998. **fame,** report, rumor.
1001. **Etall, Wark, and Ford,** English fortresses on the border.

But whisper'd news there came,
That, while his host inactive lay,
And melted by degrees away,
King James was dallying off the day
With Heron's wily dame.—
Such acts to chroniclers I yield;
Go seek them there and see:
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,
And not a history.—
At length they heard the Scottish host
On that high ridge had made their post,
Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain;
And that brave Surrey many a band
Had gather'd in the Southern land,
And march'd into Northumberland,
And camp at Wooler ta'en.
Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears, without the trumpet-call,
Began to chafe and swear:—
"A sorry thing to hide my head
In castle, like a fearful maid,
When such a field is near!
Needs must I see this battle-day:
Death to my fame if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away!
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
Hath 'bated of his courtesy:
No longer in his halls I'll stay."
Then bade his band they should array
For march against the dawning day.

1017. **Millfield Plain**, at foot of Flodden Hill.

1018. **Surrey**, Earl Surrey, leader of the English forces.

1021. **Wooler**, a town near Flodden.

1031. **wot**, know.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE BATTLE.

I.

While great events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale,
And the demeanor, changed and cold,
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,
And, like the impatient steed of war,
He snuff'd the battle from afar;
And hopes were none, that back again
Herald should come from Terouenne,
Where England's King in Leaguer lay,
Before the decisive battle-day;
Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare
Did in the Dame's devotions share:
For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd
To Heaven and Saints her sons to aid,
And, with short interval, did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high Baronial pride,—
A life both dull and dignified;—
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd
Upon her intervals of rest,

1. **on the gale**, about to happen.

8. **Terouenne**, near Calais. Henry VIII. was in France besieging Terouenne at this time.

9. **leaguer**, *n.* siege.

12. **the Dame**, the Countess of Douglas, wife of Archibald Douglas.

Dejected Clara well could bear
The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,
Though dearest to her wounded heart
The hours that she might spend apart.

II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.
Many a rude tower and rampart there
Repell'd the insult of the air,
Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.
Above the rest, a turret square
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield;
The Bloody Heart was in the Field,
And in the chief three mullets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood.
The turret held a narrow stair,
Which, mounted, gave you access where

25. **Tantallon.** "The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean." (See map.) It is "fenced on three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong earth-works." Tantallon was the principal seat of the Douglas family. The castle was destroyed during the Commonwealth.

34. **Bloody Heart** This part of the Douglas coat of arms commemorated the dying request of Robert Bruce to a Lord Douglas that he would bury Bruce's heart in the Holy Land. This Lord Douglas was slain in Spain before he reached Palestine.

Field. In the language of heraldry the background of the shield on which the "arms" are "blazoned" is called the "field."

35. **the chief.** The "chief" is the upper part of the "field."

mullets. A "mullet" is a star of five points, representing the *rowel* of a spur.

36. **The cognizance, etc.,** the "arms" of the Douglas family.

39. **parapet,** breast-work, *i. e.*, a protecting wall breast-high, containing the "battlements."

A parapet's embattled row
Did seaward round the castle go.
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
Sometimes in platform broad extending,
Its varying circle did combine
Bulwark, and bartizan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign;
Above the booming ocean leant
The far-projecting battlement;
The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,
Upon the precipice below.
Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann'd,
No need upon the sea-girt side;
The steepy rock, and frantic tide,
Approach of human step denied;
And thus these lines and ramparts rude,
Were left in deepest solitude.

III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
Would to these battlements repair,
And muse upon her sorrows there,
  And list the sea-bird's cry;
Or slow, like noontide ghost, would glide
Along the dark-gray bulwarks' side,
And ever on the heaving tide
  Look down with weary eye.

45. **Bulwark**, a fortification.

bartizan, a small turret projecting from the wall.

line, fortification.

46. **bastion**, a fortification built out so as to project over the lower defences.

vantage-coign, lit. corner of advantage, *i. e.*, a position commanding a view of assailants on two sides of the castle.

Oft did the cliff and swelling main,
Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—
A home she ne'er might see again;
For she had laid adown,
So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,
And frontlet of the cloister pale,
And Benedictine gown:
It were unseemly sight, he said,
A novice out of convent shade.—
Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,
Again adorn'd her brow of snow;
Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,
A deep and fretted broidery bound,
In golden foldings sought the ground;
Of holy ornament, alone
Remain'd a cross with ruby stone;
And often did she look
On that which in her hand she bore,
With velvet bound, and broider'd o'er,
Her breviary book.
In such a place, so lone, so grim,
At dawning pale, or twilight dim,
It fearful would have been
To meet a form so richly dress'd,
With book in hand, and cross on breast,
And such a woeful mien.
Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,
To practice on the gull and crow,

67. **Whitby's fane.** Whitby Abbey, on the Yorkshire coast. After De Wllton's supposed death at Cotswold, Clara took refuge with her relative, the Abbess of St. Hilda's Convent at Whitby, intending to become a nun and thus defeat Marmion's schemes.

71. **frontlet**, a band worn by nuns across the forehead.

pale, pallid, sombre.

72. **Benedictine gown**, *i. e.*, the *black* gown, or robe, worn by monks and nuns of the Order of St. Benedict, the founder of the earliest "religious houses" in Europe. (Hence the name "Blackfriars.")

Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,
And did by Mary swear,—
Some love-lorn Fay she might have been,
Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen:
For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen
A form so witching fair.

IV.

Once walking thus, at evening tide,
It chanced a gliding sail she spied,
And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess, there,
Perchance, does to her home repair;
Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,
Walks hand in hand with Charity;
Where oft Devotion's trancèd glow
Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,
That the enraptured sisters see
High vision and deep mystery;
The very form of Hilda fair,
Hovering upon the sunny air,
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.
O! wherefore, to my duller eye,
Did still the Saint her form deny!
Was it, that, sear'd by sinful scorn,
My heart could neither melt nor burn?
Or lie my warm affections low,
With him, that taught them first to glow?
Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew,
To pay thy kindness grateful due,
And well could brook the mild command,
That ruled thy simple maiden band.
How different now! condemned to bide

102. **The Abbess**, *i. e.*, the Abbess of St. Hilda's Convent at Whitby.

110. **Hilda**, the patron saint of Whitby Abbey, who was said to appear in visible form there.

My doom from this dark tyrant's pride.—
But Marmion has to learn, ere long,
That constant mind, and hate of wrong,
Descended to a feeble girl,
From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl;
Of such a stem, a sapling weak,
He ne'er shall bend, although he break.

V.

"But see! — what makes this armor here?"—
For in her path there lay
Targe, corslet, helm; she view'd them near.—
"The breast-plate pierced! — Ay, much I fear,
Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,
That hath made fatal entrance here,
As these dark blood-gouts say.—
Thus Wilton! — Oh! not corslet's ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard,
On yon disastrous day!"
She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—
WILTON himself before her stood!
It might have seem'd his passing ghost,
For every youthful grace was lost;
And joy unwonted, and surprise,
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—
Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scene in words:

124. **this dark tyrant**, *i. e.*, Henry VIII., who had decreed that Clara should marry Marmion.

125. **ere**, before.

128. **Red de Clare**. Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, lived in the reign of Henry III. He opposed Simon de Montfort.
stout Gloster's earl, that resolute Earl of Gloucester.

133. **Targe**, target, shield.
corslet, coat of mail, body armor.

135. **fence**, defence.

137. **As these**, etc., as these drops of blood show.

What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
Far less can my weak line declare
Each changing passion's shade;
Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
And joy, with her angelic air,
And hope, that paints the future fair,
Their varying hues display'd;
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,
Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,
Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,
And mighty Love retains the field.
Shortly I tell what then he said,
By many a tender word delay'd,
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
And question kind, and fond reply:—

VI.

DE WILTON'S HISTORY.

"Forget we that disastrous day,
When senseless in the lists I lay.
Thence dragg'd,— but how I cannot know,
For sense and recollection fled,—
I found me on a pallet low,
Within my ancient beadsman's shed.
Austin,— remember'st thou, my Clare,
How thou didst blush, when the old man,
When first our infant love began,

174. **my ancient beadsman's shed**, my old almsman's hut. *Beadsman*, one who counted his beads for his patron. In former times wealthy people often provided for a number of the aged poor, in order that they, in return, might pray for the souls of their benefactors.

175. **Austin**, in apposition to *the old man*.

Said we would make a matchless pair?—
Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled
From the degraded traitor's bed,—
He only held my burning head,
And tended me for many a day,
While wounds and fever held their sway.
But far more needful was his care,
When sense return'd to wake despair;
For I did tear the closing wound,
And dash me frantic on the ground,
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.
At length, to calmer reason brought,
Much by his kind attendance wrought,
With him I left my native strand,
And, in a Palmer's weeds array'd,
My hated name and form to shade,
I journey'd many a land;
No more a lord of rank and birth,
But mingled with the dregs of earth.
Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,
When I would sit, and deeply brood
On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,
Or wild mad schemes uprear'd.
My friend at length fell sick, and said,
God would remove him soon:
And, while upon his dying bed,
He begg'd of me a boon—
If e'er my deadliest enemy
Beneath my brand, should conquer'd lie,
Even then my mercy should awake,
And spare his life for Austin's sake.

192. **Palmer's weeds array'd**, dressed in the clothes of a Palmer. *Weed*, an old English word meaning dress, still used for one special kind of dress, namely widow's "*weeds*."

193. **to shade**, to disguise.

194. **journey'd**, (here used transitively) traversed.

VII.

"Still restless as a second Cain,
To Scotland next my route was ta'en,
Full well the paths I knew.
Fame of my fate made various sound,
That death in pilgrimage I found,
That I had perish'd of my wound,—
None cared which tale was true:
And living eye could never guess
De Wilton in his Palmer's dress;
For now that sable slough is shed,
And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,
I scarcely know me in the glass.
A chance most wondrous did provide,
That I should be that Baron's guide—
I will not name his name!—
Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame!
And ne'er the time shall I forget,
When in a Scottish hostel set,
Dark looks we did exchange:
What were his thoughts I cannot tell;
But in my bosom muster'd Hell
Its plans of dark revenge.

VIII.

"A word of vulgar augury,
That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
Brought on a village tale;

218. **sable slough**, black skin, *i. e.*, the Palmer's robe.

233. **A word of vulgar augury**, an illusion to a common superstition. At the time of Constance's death at Lindisfarne, Marmion, while sitting in the inn at Gifford, fancied he heard a death-bell toll, and the Palmer said that such a fancy betokened "the death of a dear friend." (Canto III.)

Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
And sent him armed forth by night.
I borrow'd steed and mail,
And weapons, from his sleeping band;
And, passing from a postern door,
We met, and 'counter'd hand to hand,—
He fell on Gifford moor.
For the death-stroke my brand I drew,
(O then my helméd head he knew,
The Palmer's cowl was gone,)
Then had three inches of my blade
The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—
My hand the thought of Austin staid;
I left him there alone.—
O good old man! even from the grave
Thy spirit could thy master save:
If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,
Given to my hand this packet dear,
Of power to clear my injured fame,
And vindicate De Wilton's name.
Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
Of the strange pageantry of Hell,
That broke our secret speech—
It rose from the infernal shade,
Or featly was some juggle play'd,
A tale of peace to teach.
Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
When my name came among the rest.

236. **sprite**, spirit.

241. **'counter'd**, fought.

258. **strange pageantry.** The allusion is to the sight described in Canto V., stanzas xxiv., xxv., xxvi.

260. **featly**, nimbly, cleverly.

juggle, jugglery, trick.

IX.

"Now here, within Tantallon Hold,
To Douglas late my tale I told,
To whom my house was known of old.
Won by my proofs, his falchion bright
This eve anew shall dub me knight.
These were the arms that once did turn
The tide of fight on Otterburne,
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
When the dead Douglas won the field.
These Angus gave — his armorer's care,
Ere morn shall every breach repair;
For nought, he said, was in his halls,
But ancient armor on the walls,
And aged chargers in the stalls,
And women, priests, and grey-hair'd men,
The rest were all in Twisel glen.

265. **Hold**, castle.

268. **falchion**, sword.

269. **shall dub me knight**, will perform the ceremony of knighting me. The candidate for knighthood watched his arms all night in a church, and prepared himself for the honor by fasting and prayer. He was then solemnly clothed in all the dress and armor of a knight except the helmet, sword, and gilded spurs, and was conducted to the church, where, after mass had been said he received a slight blow on the neck with the flat of the sword from the king, or another knight, who, while thus dubbing him, said — "I dub thee knight in the name of God and Saint Michael; be faithful, bold, and fortunate." His sword and spurs were then fastened on him, and he took the oath of chivalry, to be loyal to God, the king, and his lady.

270. **These were the arms**, etc. The armor and weapons Clare saw on the battlements at Tantallon had belonged to the Douglas who fought against Percy at Otterburne in 1388—the battle commemorated in the ballad of "Chevy Chase."

271. **O terburne**, near Newcastle, in Northumberland.

272. **Harry Hotspur**, *i. e.*, Percy.

273. **Dead Douglas.** Percy was defeated, although Douglas was slain in the battle.

274. **Angus**, *i. e.*, Archibald Douglas gave De Wilton the armor.

280. **Twisel glen**, the valley of the Till where that river joins the Tweed. (See map.) Here King James encamped before taking up a position on Flodden Edge.

And now I watch my armor here,
By law of arms, till midnight's near;
Then, once again a belted knight,
Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

X.

"There soon again we meet, my Clare!
This Baron means to guide thee there:
Douglas reveres his King's command,
Else would he take thee from his band.
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,
Will give De Wilton justice due.
Now meeter far for martial broil,
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
Once more" — "O Wilton! must we then
Risk new-found happiness again,
Trust fate of arms once more?
And is there not an humble glen,
Where we, content and poor,
Might build a cottage in the shade,
A shepherd thou, and I to aid
Thy task on dale and moor?——
That reddening brow!— too well I know,
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,
While falsehood stains thy name:
Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!
Clare can a warrior's feelings know
And weep a warrior's shame;
Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,
And send thee forth to fame!"

283. **a belted knight**, *i. e.*, having had his sword belted on.

284. **Surrey**, Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, who commanded the English army at Flodden, afterwards Duke of Norfolk.

307. **Can Red**, etc., Clara has the resolution of her ancestor.

XI.

That night upon the rocks and bay,
The midnight moon-beam slumbering lay,
And pour'd its silver light, and pure,
Through loop-hole, and through embrazure,
Upon Tantallon tower and hall;
But chief where archèd windows wide
Illuminate the chapel's pride,
The sober glances fall.
Much was there need; though seam'd with scars,
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two gray priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry
The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light,
Chequering the silver moonshine bright,
A bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy:
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held

314. **embrazure.** Embrazures are the openings in battlements.

317. **the chapel's pride,** the glory of the chapel; *i. e.*, the ornamentation of the private church in Tantallon Castle.

318. **sober glances,** subdued rays.

319 **Much was their need,** *i. e.*, there was much need of the light of the moon, as the torches gave but little.

327. **a bishop.** This was Gawain Douglas, a son of Archibald.

329. **rocquet,** or rochet, a bishop's surplice or robe of lawn.

333. **Virgil's page.** Bishop Gawain Douglas translated the Æneid of Virgil into English verse.

The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.
Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Doff'd his fur gown, and sable hood:
O'er his huge form and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail;
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sleeping brand
Which wont of yore, in battle fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.
He seem'd as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment-day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels;
And think what next he must have felt,
At buckling of the falchion belt!
And judge how Clara changed her hue,
While fastening to her lover's side
A friend, which, though in danger tried,
He once had found untrue!
Then Douglas struck him with his blade:
"Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
I dub thee knight.
Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!
For King, for Church, for Lady fair,
See that thou fight."—
And bishop Gavain, as he rose,

335. Dunkeld, in Perthshire.

336. ancient Angus, *i. e.*, his father, Archibald Douglas.

Said — "Wilton ! grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace, and trouble ;
For He, who honor best bestows,
May give thee double."
De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must—
"Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother ! "
"Nay, nay," old Angus said, "not so ;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
Thy wrongs no longer smother.
I have two sons in yonder field ;
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely — do thy worst :
And foul fall him that blenches first ! "

XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troops array
To Surrey's camp to ride ;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide :
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."—
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu :—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,

383. **safe conduct**, a passport.

387. **Would**, etc., *i. e.*, insisted on helping Clara to mount.

389. **Let the Hawk**, etc. The "hawk" is Marmion; the "prey" De Wilton.

stoop, hover.

392. **plain**, *com*plain.

Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."—

XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said,—
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!

415. **Peer**, here used in its modern sense of *Lord*.
420. **pitch**, height.
421. **hold**, castle, stronghold.

And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
  Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
  The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms — what, Warder, ho!
  Let the portcullis fall."—
Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise:
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchéd hand,

432. **beard the lion**, *i. e.*, take the lion by the beard; a proverbial phrase implying an audacious insult. (Here *beard* is a verb.)

434 **unscathed**, unharmed.

435. **Saint Bride**, or Bridget, was a favorite saint of the Douglas family. Bothwell Castle, near Glasgow, a seat of the Douglas family.

439. **rowels**, spurs.

441. **The ponderous grate**, the heavy grating, *i. e.*, the portcullis.
rung, sounded, clanked.

443. **razed**, grazed. The unwieldy portcullis was slowly descending when Marmion dashed under it through the castle gateway.

And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers,
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name,—
A letter forged! St. Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
St. Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood,
'Tis pity of him too," he cried:
"Bold he can speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey wore;
Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,
They cross'd the heights of Stanrig-moor.
His troop more closely there he scann'd,
And miss'd the Palmer from the band—

451. **guantlet**, an armored glove. Marmion "shook his fist" in defiance.

456. **Saint Jude to speed!** *i. e.*, may Saint Jude (the apostle) hasten reparation.

460. **Saint Bothan**, a Scottish saint. (For the position of the Monastery dedicated to this saint, see map.)

474. **Stanrig-moor**, in the Lammermuir Hills.

"Palmer or not," young Blount did say,
"He parted at the peep of day;
Good sooth, it was in strange array."—
"In what array?" said Marmion, quick.
"My Lord, I ill can spell the trick;
But all night long, with clink and bang,
Close to my couch did hammers clang;
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
And from a loop-hold while I peep,
Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,
Wrapped in a gown of sables fair,
As fearful of the morning air;
Beneath, when that was blown aside,
A rusty shirt of mail I spied,
By Archibald won in bloody work,
Against the Saracen and Turk:
Last night it hung not in the hall;
I thought some marvel would befall.
And next I saw them saddled lead
Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed;
A matchless horse, though something old,
Prompt in his paces, cool and bold.
I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,
The Earl did much the Master pray
To use him on the battle-day;
But he preferred" — "Nay, Henry, cease!
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—

481. **I ill can spell**, I am at a loss to explain.

492. **Saracen and Turk.** The shirt of mail had been won by Douglas when on a Crusade.

499. **Sheriff Sholto.** Sholto Douglas, one of the earl's sons. *Sheriff*, shire-reeve, *i.e.*, county steward.

500. **the Master**, *i.e.*, the eldest son of the earl. His title was Master of Angus. He was then with King James at Flodden. (See note on line 4.)

503. **sworn horse-courser**, inveterate horse-breaker (*i. e.*, one who can talk of nothing but horses).

Eustace, thou bear'st a brain — I pray
What did Blount see at break of day?"—

XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both descried
(For then I stood by Henry's side)
The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,
Upon the Earl's own favorite steed:
All sheathed he was in armor bright,
And much resembled that same knight,
Subdued by you in Cotswold fight:
Lord Angus wish'd him speed."—
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
A sudden light on Marmion broke; —
"Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"
He mutter'd; "'Twas not fay nor ghost
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould.—
O dotage blind and gross!
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,
My path no more to cross.—
How stand we now? — he told his tale
To Douglas; and with some avail;
'Twas therefore gloom'd his rugged brow.—
Will Surrey dare to entertain,
'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain?
Small risk of that, I trow.

520. **dotage,** etc, folly.

521. **as wont,** as usual.

525. **with some avail,** as was evident from Douglas's refusal to shake hands.

528. **charge disproved.** Marmion does not know of the existence of the "packet," and he argues that as, by conquering in the combat at Cottiswold, he proved the truth of his own case, he thus *disproved* De Wilton's.

Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun ;
Must separate Constance from the Nun —
O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive !
A Palmer too ! — no wonder why
I felt rebuked beneath his eye :
I might have known there was but one,
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."

XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed.
Where Lennel's convent closed their march ;
(There now is left but one frail arch,
Yet mourn thou not its cells ;
Our time a fair exchange has made ;
Hard by, in hospitable shade,
A reverend pilgrim dwells,
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,
That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.)
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there
Give Marmion entertainment fair,
And lodging for his train and Clare.
Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamp'd on Flodden edge :

531. **Constance.** Constance de Beverley, Marmion's former love, whom he deserted at Lindisfarne after he had turned his thoughts to Clara. Coustance helped him to forge the evidence against De Wilton, therefore he plans that she must be separated from the nun (*i.e.*, the Abbess of Whitby), lest Clara learn the truth. Marmion does not know of the death of Constance.

540. **Lennel's convent.** See map.

543. **Our time,** *i.e.*, the date, 1807, at which Scott wrote.

545 **A reverend pilgrim.** The allusion is to a friend of Scott's then living at Lennel. He was the author of a book of travels, on which account Scott calls him a pilgrim.

553. **Flodden Edge,** or hill, the name of the north-eastern extremity of the Cheviot Hills. (See map.)

The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion look'd: — at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting lines:
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears
The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watch'd the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
The Till by Twisel Bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,

571. **Barmore-wood**, midway between Ford and Twisel Castles. (See map.) The English army encamped under the Barmore-wood the night before the battle of Flodden.

And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And, pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?

587. **the Gothic arch**, *i.e.*, Twisel bridge.

593. **Saint Helen.** "The glen is romantic and delightful, with steep banks on either side covered with copse, particularly with hawthorn. Beneath a tall rock near the bridge is a plentiful fountain called St. Helen's Well."

600. **the pass**, *i.e.*, the passage across the Till by Twisell bridge.

603. **champion of the dames**, *i.e.*, "carpet knight."

606. **strand**, shore, bank.

607. **His host Lord Surrey lead**, *i.e.*, James sees Lord Surrey lead his forces (the English) between him (King James) and his land (Scotland).

What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand? —
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry — "St. Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne! —
The precious hour has pass'd in vain,
And England's host has gain'd the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden hill.

XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon: — hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,

608. **the vain knight-errant brand,** the futile sword of a knight-errant; *i.e.*, unpractical, and merely foolhardy, bravery.
James refused to allow his cannon to attack the English as they were crossing the Till, saying that he wished to defeat them in the open field, and not when they were at a disadvantage. He thus missed his opportunity and sacrificed his chance of victory to a chivalrous, but unpractical, idea.

609. **Douglas.** The Douglas here alluded to fought with Robert Bruce at Bannockburn (see note on line 34).

610. **Randolph,** another leader at Bannockburn, a nephew of Bruce.

611. **Wallace.** The Scottish hero, William Wallace, who fought against Edward I.
wight, *adj.*, brave.

612. **Bruce.** *i.e.*, Robert Bruce, who defeated Edward II. at Bannockburn.

625. **The hill,** *i.e.*, Flodden Edge.

626. **hap what hap,** let happen whatever happens, *i. e.*, "at all events."

627. **basnet,** a light helmet.

Lord Surrey's o'er the Till! —
Yet more! yet more! — how far array'd
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by!
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armor flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's standards fly."—
"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount, "thou'd best,
And listen to our lord's behest."—
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—
"This instant be our band array'd;
The river must be quickly cross'd,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James,— as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must,—
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;
Far less would listen to his prayer,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And mutter'd as the flood they view,
"The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw:
Lord Angus may the Abbott awe,

640. **The river,** *i.e.*, the Tweed; they are still at Lennel.

652. **the pheasant,** etc., *i.e.*, the falcon (Marmion) is not very likely to release the pheasant (Clara) from his clutches at the request of a jackdaw (a monk).

654. **Lord Angus,** etc. As the abbot might be influenced by Douglas, and so not yield up Clara again into Marmion's power, he decides that she shall stay near him during the battle.

So Clare shall bide with me."
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately:
And not a moment will he bide,
Till squire, or groom, before him ride;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Hubert led her rein,
Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And, though far downward driven perforce,
The southern bank they gain;
Behind them straggling, came to shore,
As best they might, the train:
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,
A caution not in vain;
Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharm'd, should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
And breathed his steed, his men array'd,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a Cross of Stone,
That on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray;
Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,
And fronted north and south,

657. **Leat's Eddies**, *i. e.*, where the curving current of the river Leat joins the Tweed. (See map.)

684. **fronted north and south**, *i. e.*, the Scots faced the north, the English faced the south.

And distant salutation pass'd
From the loud cannon mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.—
The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid:
"Here, by this Cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene.
Here thou shalt tarry, lovely Clare;
O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!—
Thou wilt not?— well,— no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten pick'd archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.—
But if we conquer, cruel maid,
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again."
He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire; but spurr'd amain,
And, dashing through the battle plain,
His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

"——The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour!—
Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
Thus have I ranged my power:

696. **weal**, welfare.

700. **speed amain**, hasten fast.

706. **the discontented look**, at not being allowed to take active part in the battle.

710. **The Good Lord**, etc. Surrey is speaking.

Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,
And succor those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go;
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share;
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."
"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
Nor farther greeting there be paid;
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry,
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

715. **Stanley.** Sir Edward Stanley, who commanded the men of Lancashire and Cheshire.

fronts, etc., confronts, or faces, their right wing.

716. **My Sons.** Lord Thomas Howard (the "admiral") and Sir Edmund Howard

vaward, vanguard, the front part of an army.

717. **Brian Tunstall.** Sir Brian Tunstall, one of the few Englishmen of mark who were slain at Flodden. He is called "stainless," from his *white* armor, or else in allusion to his honorable character.

718. **Lord Dacre,** who commanded the English light cavalry.

719. **rear-ward,** rear-guard, *i. e.*, the "reserve."

723. **Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall, there,** *i. e.*, Sir Edmund Howard; Sir Thomas Howard (the Admiral), and Sir Brian Tunstall, who command the "van." (In those days admirals commanded on land as well as on the sea.)

XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which, (for far the day was spent,)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But see! look up — on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far.
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;

745 **fired his tent.** The Scots before descending from Flodden Hill set fire to their tents, so that the smoke might hide their movements from the English.

751. **war,** army.

757. **Told England,** etc., *i.e.*, enabled the English to know that King James was charging down from his position on the hill.

And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long look'd the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight:
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,

777. **sea-mew**, sea-gull.
794. **Gordons.** The clan of which the Earl of Lennox was chieftain.

And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly, and with Home.

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'Twas vain: — But Fortune on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,— forced back,— now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,

795. **Badenoch-man**, *i.e.*, Highlander. Badenoch is in the County of Inverness.

799. **Stanley broke**, etc., *i.e.*, the English division under Sir Edward Stanley overpowered the Scottish division under the Earls of Lennox and Argyle.

800. **western mountaineer**, *i.e.*, the Highlanders from the west of Scotland; Gordons and Campbells from Argyllshire.

806. **that spotless banner**, *i.e.*, Tunstall's.

807. **Howard's lion fell**, *i.e.*, Sir Edmund Howard's banner was overthrown.

815. **The pennon**, *i.e.*, the particular pennon Blount and Fitz-Eustace were watching — Marmion's.

It waver'd 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
"By Heaven, and all its saints! I swear
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Follow'd by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too: — yet staid
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone;
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—

838. Housing, horse-clothing.

The scatter'd van of England wheels ;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?"—
They fly, or, madden'd by despair,
Fight but to die, — "Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strain'd the broken brand :
His arms were smear'd with blood and sand :
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion ! . . .
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said — "By Saint George, he's gone !
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head !
Good-night to Marmion."—
"Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :
He opes his eyes," said Eustace ; "peace !"

XXIX.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare : —
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?

849. **The scattered van**, etc., *i.e.*, when the routed right wing of the English army rallies.

858. **strain'd**, etc., clutched his shattered sword.

861. **beat**, *p. p.*, battered in.

867. **sped**, despatched, *i.e.*, killed.

870. **unnurtured**, ignorant, unfeeling.

872. **doff'd his casque**, his helmet having been taken off.

Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,— charge again!
Cry, — 'Marmion to the rescue!' — Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again! —
Yet my last thought is England's — fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Eustace to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down: — my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone — to die."
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain rung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmur'd, — "Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of bless'd water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"

875. **Ye hearts of hare**, you cowards (*cf.* "lion-hearted").

881. **Dacre.** See note on line 718.

my signet ring, *i.e.*, a ring which bore his heraldic device or *sign*. It was customary for the bearer of an important message to carry with him some proof (such as the sender's ring) that he was not an impostor.

886. **reft**, taken away.

889. **Chester; Lancashire**, *i.e.*, the men of Cheshire and Lancashire, the followers of Stanley.

892. **varlets**, valet, or vassalet (a dimin. of *vassal*), a young servant, a groom.

XXX.

O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray .
For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Grey .
Who . built . this . cross . and . well.
She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk surporting Marmion's head:
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

914. **runnel**, a little brook.

931. **dubious verge**, uncertain edge. *Uncertain*, because those on the edge of the battle may at any moment become involved in the thick of the fight.

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then as a remembrance rose,—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"—
"Alas!" she said, "the while,—
O, think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She——died at Holy Isle."—
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth," he said—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true.
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—

933. **wave**, water.

938. **shrift**, forgiveness.

951. **dark presage**, foreboding of evil. At the time of Constance's death at Lindisfarne (Canto II.) Marmion, then at the inn at Gifford, fancied he heard a death bell toll (Canto III.)

953. **The vengeance**, etc. Marmion has understood all that the words "She died at Holy Isle" implied; and stung with remorse, longs for time to avenge the death of Constance.

955. **For wasting fire**, etc. Then he would burn the monastery and slay the monks; and surely he thinks the prospect of such devil's work might bribe the fiend to grant *him* a short respite.

Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear;
For that she ever sung,
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend!— with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O, think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,

968. **he**, *i.e.*, Marmion.

"**In the lost battle**," etc. Part of the favorite song of Constance, sung by Fitz-Eustace at the inn. (Canto III., stanza x.)

975. "**Avoid thee**," away with thee. The monk is speaking.

976. **Shake not**, etc. Hasten not the last moments of the dying sinner. The metaphor is taken from the sand of the hour-glass, used in olden days for measuring time.

977. **yon sign**, *i.e.*, Sybil's cross on the hillock.

And — STANLEY ! was the cry ;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye :
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted " Victory !—
Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on ! "
Were the last words of Marmion.

XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing,—
Where Huntly, and where Home !—
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,

997. **Where's now**, etc. What has become of the victorious left wing under Huntly and Home? (They are intent on plunder.)

999–1004. The deeds of Charlemagne (Emperor of Western Europe, who lived in the eighth century) and his knights formed the subject of many of the " Romances " of the middle ages. These Romances were poetical tales of adventure in which fact and fable were mingled together.

1000. **Fontarabian.** Fontarabia was a town on the coast of Spain near Roncesvalles.

1001. **King Charles,** *i.e.*, Charlemagne (Charles the Great).

1002. **Rowland,** or Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, one of the chief heroes of mediæval romance. He was the fabled possessor of a magic horn which could be heard at an immense distance, and by which he might summon aid in case of need.

Olivier, or Oliver, another of Charlemagne's celebrated knights. In the Romances the two knights, Roland and Oliver, are represented as equally eminent. Hence the proverb, " A Roland for an Oliver" (*i.e.*, " tit for tat ").

On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish — for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
"O, Lady," cried the Monk, "away!"
And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV.

But as they left the dark'ning heath
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Through charging knights like whirlwinds go,

1004. **Roncesvalles.** A pass in the Pyrenees where, in the year 778, a part of Charelemagne's army was destroyed by the Moors, who then occupied Spain. On this occasion the Romances relate that Roland was too brave to use his horn at first, and that when at last he did blow it Charlemagne arrived too late and found his followers slain.

1021. **Lord Fitz-Clare,** who is supposed to be fighting under Surrey.

1024. **shafts,** arrows.

Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight:
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well.
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foeman know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to town and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong;
Still from the sire the son shall hear

1034. **dark impenetrable wood.** The close formation of the Scottish spearman is here compared to a thicket.

1038. **serried,** crowded.

Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side : —
There, Scotland ! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one :
The sad survivors all are gone.—
View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be ;
Nor to yon Border castle high,
Look northward with upbraiding eye ;
Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land
May yet return again.
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought ;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain :
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
Beseem'd the monarch slain.
But, O ! how changed since yon blithe night !
Gladly I turn me from the sight,
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale : — Fitz-Eustace' care
A pierced and mangled body bare

1071. **that corpse**, *i.e.*, the corpse of King James. After Flodden reports varied as to the fate of James; some said that he had escaped and gone on a pilgrimage, others that he had been carried off by Home and murdered.

1073. **yon Border castle**, *i.e.*, Home, or Hume, Castle in Berwick shire.

1085. **yon blithe night**, *i.e.*, at Holyrood. (Canto V., stanza VII.)

To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear
(Now vainly for its sight you look;
'Twas levell'd when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;
But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad,
A guerdon meet the spoiler had!)
There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,
His hands to Heaven upraised;
And all around, on scutcheon rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
His arms and feats were blazed.
And yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,
The last Lord Marmion lay not there.
From Ettrick woods a peasant swain

1090. **Lichfield's lofty pile,** *i.e.*, Lichfield Cathedral in Staffordshire. The body which Fitz-Eustace supposes to be Marmion's is taken to Lichfield for burial because Marmion owned estates in Staffordshire.

1095. **fanatic Brook.** Lichfield was loyal to King Charles I. in the civil war. Lord Brook, who led the Parliamentary forces in the siege of Lichfield, stormed the cathedral and destroyed one of its spires. He was a "non-conformist," who desired to see every cathedral in ruins.

1097. **Saint Chad.** Lichfield Cathedral is dedicated to St. Chad, who was Bishop of Lichfield in 669.

1098. **guerdon meet,** fitting recompense. (Brook was killed during the siege.)

1099. **There erst,** etc. There (in the Cathedral) an effigy of warlike Marmion was formerly (*i.e.*, before the siege) to be found.

erst, formerly.

1100. **couchant hound,** *i. e.*, a hound lying down with head erect. **couchant** (heraldic term), crouching.

1104. **blazed,** blazoned.

1107. **lay not there.** The body Fitz-Eustace carried to Lichfield was not that of Marmion. The plunderers had been to the hillock, we must remember, and had despoiled Marmion of his rich armor.

1108. **Ettrick woods,** Ettrick forest in Selkirkshire.

swain, a youth, a laborer.

Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain,—
One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as " wede away " :
Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,
And dragg'd him to its foot, and died,
Close by the noble Marmion's side.
The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain,
And thus their corpses were mista'en ;
And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,
The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show
Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low.
They dug his grave e'en where he lay,
But every mark is gone ;
Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,
And broke her font of stone :
But yet from out the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.
Oft halts the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry ;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair ;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave,
That holds the bones of Marmion brave.—
When thou shalt find the little hill,

1110. **One of those flowers,** etc. Scott here alludes to a ballad "The Flowers of the Forest," which bewailed the fate of the young men of Ettrick Forest who fell at Flodden. In this ballad the following line occurs: " The flowers of the forest are all wede away."

1 11. " **wede away,**" weeded away, *i.e.*, torn up, destroyed.

1113. **him,** himself.

With thy heart commune, and be still.
If ever, in temptation strong,
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong;
If every devious step, thus trod,
Still led thee farther from the road;
Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb;
But say, "He died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand for England's right."

XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,
Who cannot image to himself,
That all through Flodden's dismal night,
Wilton was foremost in the fight;
That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,
'Twas Wilton mounted him again;
'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hewed,
Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:
Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,
He was the living soul of all;
That, after fight, his faith made plain,
He won his rank and lands again;
And charged his old paternal shield
With bearings won on Flodden Field.
Nor sing I to that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said,
That King and kinsmen did agree
To bless fair Clara's constancy;
Who cannot, unless I relate,

1155. **Hollinshed and Hall.** The two chief historians of the 16th century.

1157. **his faith made plain,** his loyalty proved (Marmion had charged De Wilton with treason).

1159. **charged** (heraldic term), added a fresh device to his armorial bearings.

1163. **King,** *i.e.*, Henry VIII.

Paint to her mind the bridal's state:
That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
More, Sands, and Denny pass'd the joke:
That bluff King Hall the curtain drew,
And Catherine's hand the stocking threw;
And afterwards, for many a day,
That it was held enough to say,
In blessing to a wedded pair,
"Love they like Wilton and like Clare!"

L'ENVOY.

TO THE READER.

Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listed to my rede?
To Statesmen grave, if such may deign
To read the Minstrel's idle strain,

1167. **Wolsey**, Cardinal Wolsey.

1168. **More**, *i.e.*, Sir Thomas More,
Sands, *i.e.*, Lord Sands,
Denny, *i.e.*, Sir Anthony Denny,
} Courtiers of Henry VIII.

pass'd the joke, enlivened the marriage festivities.

1170. **Catherine**, *i.e.*, Catherine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII.

the stocking threw, alludes to a custom of the time. (Cf. the present custom of throwing shoes or rice after the carriage of a newly wedded couple.)

1174. **Love they**, may they love.

L'ENVOY, the epilogue, *i.e.*, a final word from the author to the reader.

1177. **gentles**, the term by which the ancient minstrels addressed their audience.

speed, *i.e.*, good luck, success.

1178. **listed**, listened, attended to.

rede, story.

Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,
And patriotic heart — as PITT!
A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover too,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage;
And pillow to the head of age.
To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task, and merry holiday!
To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

1181. **Sound head.** The author, after the fashion of the old minstrels, expresses a kind and appropriate wish for each class of reader — for the serious statesman, a sound head (*i.e.*, judgment), a clean hand (*i.e.*, uncontaminated by dishonest dealing or bribery).

1182. **as Pitt,** such as that of Pitt, *i. e.*, the second great English statesman of that name, who was then, when Scott wrote (1807), prime minister.

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106. Stories and Rhymes of Birdland. II.
107. Stories and Rhymes of Flowerland. I.
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125. Selections from Longfellow.

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56. The Elegy, etc. (Gray.)
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65. Sir Roger De Coverley.
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88. Sir Launfal. (Lowell.)
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